LY
ORY
WELL

FAMILY
HISTORY
MAXWELL

C14

12/2009

ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
603 S. Jackson St.
Auburn, IN 46706

# - Memoirs -
# of
# Willard Gerald Maxwell

February 1980

# - Memoirs -
# of
# Willard Gerald Maxwell
# 1906 -

These memoirs are dedicated to my wife, Ruth,
and
our children, Beverly, Sharon and Paul
and their families

and the many friends I have made through my lifetime

February 1980

Our compliments to Mr and Mrs. Frank Sechler and may you have health, happiness and contentment throughout your life. Willard and Ruth Maxwell.

You are welcome to walk with us down Memory Lane.

## FOREWORD

In the narrative portion of the following, I shall try to present the situations and incidents in chronological order to the best of my ability and recollection. The reader shall bear in mind that practically no research could be done in books or records, but recordings are made herewith by memory only.

I thought it best to use only names of people that I was sure would in no way be distressed or embarrassed by their use.

Naturally, there are incidents that should not be recorded. Of these, I ask God to forgive any distress or pain I might have inflicted on others.

—Willard Gerald Maxwell

# I was born.....

I was born into this world at St. Joe, Indiana, on October 14, 1906, the same year as the San Francisco fire and earthquake. Incidentally, there was no connection between the two events, I'm quite sure, as there were several months in between. Our house was located on what was then just a dirt road. Now the road is paved State Road 101 and the two-story brick house still stands.

My father, William Franklin Maxwell, was born in Gladwin County, Michigan. When Dad was about five years of age, his mother gave birth to twin boys. Within a few days she passed away and one twin died. The two bodies and Dad were taken to Shelby County, Ohio, where the two were buried and Dad was left there with relatives. The remaining twin boy was adopted by a couple there in Michigan.

Very soon thereafter Dad was sent or taken to live with relatives at St. Joe, Indiana, with an Uncle Thomas and Aunt Susan Shroyer.

In later years he took me to visit with relatives at Frankfort, Indiana, Lansing, Michigan, and Joliet, Illinois.

My grandfather, after the two deaths, remarried and had a large family.

My father was of Scotch-Irish descent and my mother of German descent.

Dad was born June 25, 1868, and passed away December 4, 1930. My mother was born May 31, 1868, and passed away May 28, 1948. She was brought up in Wilmington Township, DeKalb County, Indiana. Dad was a farmer-carpenter, while Mother was a housewife, did the gardening and took care of the chickens as well as looked after the "bringing up" of the children. Her maiden name was Oberholtzer.

At the time of my birth, I had two older brothers, Roy Edgar, born January 16, 1891, and died November 21, 1963, and Merritt Maxwell, born August 28, 1892, and passed away January 12, 1968.

My life during those very early years was quite uneventful, but I do recall an occasional visit with Mother to see the Trostels, Gees, Lothamers and Dermotts, all within walking distance.

The first I recall more vividly was when I was six and started to school. On my first day of school, my mother took me to the school, which was in walking distance, in the morning and left me. But at recess I returned home. I played around and in the barn, which still stands, and did anything rather than have Mother know I wasn't at school.

She knew, however, that I was home as she heard me driving nails in the barn and singing.

She called me in for lunch and then returned me to the school where I remained until dismissed. From then on, no more trouble along that line. That was my first and only recorded absence from school in any year.

It was a pleasure to have someone to play with at recess and noon, as my brothers were so much older than I. At school Billy Coburn, who lived about one-half mile south of the school, was in the same year, so we were playmates and chums from then on until his death in recent years.

I somehow managed to pass the first six years of school and during that time Edward Kimes came up to live with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ella Wilmot, next door south of our house.

He was a couple years younger than I, so we both needed each other. Billy Coburn had moved away so Edward and I became playmates and friends. (He and his lovely wife, Eloise, presently reside at Logansport, Indiana, and we still see each other frequently.)

Those days meant outdoor plumbing for everyone. It has never been fully determined which one of us thought up the idea of slipping back to the school house in the early evening and filling the girls' closet with stove wood from the rank near the school house. Nothing was said

The Maxwell homestead, where I was born in 1906. The house still stands, located on State Road 101 east of St. Joe.

This family portrait was taken around 1900, before I was born. Shown are my parents, William and Cora, and my brothers, Roy and Merritt.

about it the next day at school. so we decided to repeat the operation and this time we weren't overlooked. The teacher, Agnes Sechler, one of the very best and kindest, held Edward and me after school and she had too much evidence, so we confessed. Our punishment was to carry the wood out of the closet and deposit it back on the rank in front of all the other kids who were laughing and pointing their fingers at us. The punishment wasn't severe but it was humiliating. She was a diplomat. She knew just what we would hate the most.

Teachers at Cheesetown were: Mary Scholes, Glen Freeburn, Marie Leighty, Bessie Kinsey and Agnes Sechler (later Agnes Monroe).

After about a month of school in the seventh grade, the Cheesetown school was closed and the pupils were hauled to St. Joe. For the hauling, a glass-enclosed coach with sliding doors was converted into a bus and pulled by one horse (old Nell). The coach had been used at funerals to haul the six pallbearers, which was the custom at that time, to and from the cemetery. Those riding were: Margaret Hamilton Wisler, Edward Kimes, Elmer Johnson, Clara and Eva Donley and me.

We might say the old school house still stands in the same spot, weather-beaten, lonely, broken windows and sagging floors. It is on State Road 101, just across from Alton Cemetery. The school was built in 1873.

You may ask, as many do, "Why the name 'Cheesetown'?" It is said a cheese factory was located a few hundred feet south of the school on a hill.

The trip to and from St. Joe in the seventh and eighth grades was uneventful except for the teasing by Edward and me of Margaret Hamilton about her beautiful hair that hung in golden curls.

Not having any sisters and much older brothers, many times I prayed to God for a little baby sister, and I recall showing God, or the doctor, just where to place her on my bed so I would find her the first thing in the morning. I wasn't sure whether the stork, or the doctor, or God would bring her so I asked all three. She never did come.

Clyde Hart taught the seventh and eighth grades at St. Joe and I learned a few of the small town graces as well as reading, writing and arithmetic.

I thought Clyde was "tops" as a teacher and I learned in spite of myself

It was in the eighth grade I fell in love with a very pretty classmate. I'm sure she never knew!

Graduating from the eighth grade in 1920, I hoped to be prepared

for high school life. Clyde had done his work well as I made the transition without trouble.

When you entered high school in those days, you had to furnish your own transportation for the four years. My means was primarily "Shank's Pony," walking via road to the B&O Railroad tracks and over the St. Joe River bridge. This cut the distance down somewhat. Once in a while I would drive the horse and buggy, and I tried the bicycle, too, but would always return to walking.

Indiana had a law that compelled pupils to remain in school until age sixteen, so our Freshman Class was always the largest. As pupils became sixteen, some would drop out along the way and never graduate.

All the eighth grade graduates from DeKalb County schools gathered at Auburn on a day designated for the graduation services. A group picture was taken, you received your diploma, and you listened to speeches.

St. Joe High was a small but accredited school. Because of its small size, the only "foreign language" offered was Latin. So those hoping to go to college had to take Latin as all colleges required a foreign language.

As a freshman, I had to get down to business. I finally mastered my Latin and Caesar. History held the greatest interest for me. I wasn't too good in Algebra or Geometry. Some subjects that were quite easy for me were Civics, Agriculture, Mechanical Drawing, Commercial Arithmetic and Shop. Four years of English were required. The old Opera House was down town and used for basketball practice and games. Living two miles from St. Joe, I didn't even try out for the team. Once in a while I would attend a game. Walking down the railroad tracks at night, over the river and creek bridge, was sort of "risky."

It is recalled that I was tricked by Paul Hadsell (a year behind me), who also went to the same church that I attended, into singing in a mixed quartet at school. Paul told Miss Hanna, the music teacher, that I was a good singer, could read music and wanted to do it. The fact was, I never had sung, or read music, and that would be the least of my interests at that time. Miss Hanna was quite convincing, so I decided to try it. We competed with Spencerville and won. Then we went to Auburn and placed third. The quartet included Priscilla Borthwick, Hilda Koch, Paul Hadsell and me. We were satisfied to have beaten Spencerville as there was a keen rivalry between our schools sports-wise and dating-wise.

Also, St. Joe High School had an orchestra and somehow I was drafted to play what little I knew on the violin, never having had a

lesson from a resident teacher but taking lessons from the "U.S. School of Music" located in Chicago, Illinois. Some in the orchestra were: Doris Keesler, Harry Todd, Russell (Buck) Wade, Carl Johnson, Louetta Daily, Robert Johnson and Charles Miser.

High school was wonderful! I enjoyed the close fellowship of my schoolmates.

As a senior I had my first bonafide date. Martha Miser and I double dated with Paul Hadsell and his friend. He furnished the car. As with most cars then, it was a touring car but equipped with side curtains for protection against, snow, cold and rain. No coupes or sedans.

All through the period from pre-school through high school, Sunday School and Church were part of my life, almost as much as eating and drinking. I am sure the influence of the Church was considerable on my life thus far.

Some teachers were: Miss Morr, Miss Schmalzreid, Miss Hanna, Mr. O. K. Stark, Mr. Grosjean and the last two years, my brother, Roy.

In the spring of 1924 I graduated with eight other seniors. It was a sad occasion for us to part and each of us to go his or her own separate way, not knowing what the future held for any of us. We wondered whether we would ever be together again as a class.

The sadness was tempered a little by the excitement of the unknown world ahead. Presently, I know of three of our class who have passed on.

Our class motto was: "Climb, Though the Rocks Be Rugged"; flower: Lily of the Valley; colors: purple and lavender; sponsor: Roy Maxwell.

Through high school I had mowed lawns, driven teams for neighboring farmers, helped make hay, picked apples, cherries, strawberries, helped different ones with their threshing, collected zinc, old papers, old iron, worked for Strong Brothers, cut timber, and any work available.

I never heard until later years of scholarships, grants, etc. The money I earned went into my college fund. My total outlay for school was around one hundred fifty dollars. To me that seemed enough to get me through one year of college and then I could teach a year, save money, then continue in school. Of course, it wasn't enough and I did have to secure help from other sources.

It seemed I was destined to be a teacher. Both my brothers taught and neighbors, friends and relatives seemed to think that because they were teachers I had to become one also. I sort of followed the course of least resistance with my one hundred fifty dollars.

In the autumn of 1924, Dad, Roy and I drove down to Muncie, Indiana,

to see about my entering Muncie Normal School ED. (now Ball State University). The Normal prepared students for the teaching profession. I registered and chose the Rural School Course as I thought I would be most likely to get a rural school my first year of teaching.

We found a rooming house opposite the Science Building on McKinley Avenue operated by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dotson. Next to it was a boarding house operated by Mrs. Ireland. So we had it handy to eat, sleep and run across to my room between classes and not have to carry books around all day between classes.

There were five of us at the rooming house, three taking the same course.

I was fortunate in meeting Miss Agnes Biery of Geneva, Indiana, soon after my arrival in Muncie. She was part of a family of four daughters.

None of us were wealthy so we had to sort of entertain ourselves around the school. We all had, however, the same objective, and that was to get a license for the first year of teaching.

There was a bus that ran to down town Muncie and back, and that was a mile or so.

Around the school area it was usually designated as Normal City.

I signed up for Glee Club and that was interesting. For calisthenics we had exercises and medicine ball. There were several freshman basketball teams for those desiring more strenuous exercises. I had some of all of them.

I chose History to be my major goal and finally made the class of Robert LaFollette. He was one of the Wisconsin LaFollettes, all of whom held important political positions in state government as well as influence in national affairs. I was most proud of my "A" in his course.

I had come to the place where I had to buckle down and study in earnest. This was the real thing.

The first year out of school I hunted for a school to teach, either rural or urban, in Indiana or Ohio for the term 1925-26. This was almost vital as I needed so badly the experience that was so necessary. It was to no avail. Everywhere I went it was the same. No experience—no school, and I didn't get one.

During the winter I helped Dad cut timber for a lumber company in our area. It was indeed an experience. The company bought the trees and hired Dad and me to cut them down, trim them as far as necessary to get the most lumber out of them. Later Buck Meese of St. Joe removed them and took them to St. Joe for shipment over the B&O

Railroad to where they would be made into lumber.

Forests hadn't been picked over too much at that time, and I recall one tree on the Bill Hamilton farm near the river that was around six feet in diameter on the butt end where we had to cut it. We had a two-man crosscut saw and we couldn't cut through the tree directly but had to keep circling around it several times until it fell. Oak and maple were quite plentiful. The roots of a walnut tree were valuable for gun stocks, so we had to dig them out.

When I was young, the fields along the St. Joe River on Strong's side, where I worked, had been known as Hamilton's Grove picnic grounds. It was covered with many large and magnificent trees, especially maple, making it a great source of maple sugar water for syrup and maple sugar. Coburn Corners Church held their annual picnic there.

There was a sand bar on Strong's side of the river where church baptisms were sometimes performed.

I joined the Church in winter so I was baptized in the baptistery of the St. Joe Church of Christ. Had it been summer, I would have used the river.

WHO CAN FORGET —

— the fall or early winter when we butchered our hogs for our annual meat supply with the stuffing of sausage and rendering of lard? the scraping and cleaning of the hair off the hog? the first taste of that wonderful tenderloin? the early rising on butchering day to get a fire started under the large black kettle and get the water boiling hot? the pickled pigs feet that could be made available later on? the cleaning of the casings? the first taste of the good homemade sausage?

— the old smoke house and the hams and shoulders smoked therein? Hickory bark was used to produce the smoke. Dad had a recipe for sugar curing of the meat such as the sides, backbone, etc.

— the going to the St. Joe mill with oats and corn to be ground into chop for pigs and cows? taking wheat to the mill to be ground into flour?

— the trip to Auburn via horse and buggy to shop at Schaab's Clothing Store to get my "Sunday clothes"? The trip took the better part of a day. Later on I was to get my first pair of long trousers there.

— the embarrassment of having to wear knickers with the legs strapped ABOVE the knees? Often one buckle would give out and you had one long leg and one short leg. Also, you wore black long stockings

and when you folded your long, very thick underwear, it made a very evident up and down strip showing on each leg. At school, a trip to the blackboard in front of the class was something to be dreaded, especially in front of the girls! Other boys faced the same problems.

— the custom for me to gather eggs each day and a week or so prior to Easter, I would hold out a couple of eggs each night and hide them. Easter morn I would bring them in. That assured plenty of eggs for Easter. The next day at school we would compare reports to see who had eaten the most eggs. Mother would fix them in various ways, but we had no colored eggs at that time.

— the trips to Auburn with horse and buggy to see Art Smith and his flying machine? Twice we went up with horse and buggy to see the marvel of the times. The first time either the weather conditions were bad or he had engine trouble. But the second time he made it. It was a very early plane, all open, and he sat strapped way out in front. WHAT A THRILL! Little did I think I would one day fly six times over the ocean. The flight by Art Smith was made at the old fair grounds.

— the Saturday night band concerts on the main street at St. Joe, but of course only in summer.

— the secrecy of Dad's Oddfellow Lodge? Meetings were held upstairs in a building near the bank. I would be left to sit in the lobby and I could hear sounds in the adjoining room, where all the doors were closed. Try as I might, I never did know what happened behind those mysterious doors.

— my farm chores? They consisted of gathering eggs, bringing in firewood for the kitchen range and living room heater, keeping the reservoir filled on the end of the cook stove, pumping by hand the water for the cows and horses. Later these things were added unto

— Thanksgiving Days when the family was together for the day? Turkeys were hard to raise, so we settled for chicken.

— sitting in the lobby as Mother's Rebeccas (Beckies) drilled and practiced at their lodge meetings? They used the same floor as Dad's Oddfellows.

—the Ladies Aid of the church and their meetings in the homes, usually to quilt but maybe sometimes a wee bit of neighborhood gossip?

— the man who dug clam shells out of the river to be sold to make buttons? He walked in the river beside his boat looking down into the water for the clam with its mouth open. He would stick the end of the iron prod, about three feet in length, into the open mouth, and the clam

would close on it and he could then bring it up. He had a large telescopic affair that he submerged partly in the water and he would look through the contraption.

— the old snow cutter? It was a type of sleigh that could be used to haul a sack of flour, sack of grain or chop or other bulky articles. Pulled by one horse, it was quite a necessity in the winter when the buggy couldn't make the trip to town.

— the neighbors who had a regular sleigh and would go by in winter with a peppy horse, new harness and the bells merrily ringing?

— the young man who went by our house on summer Saturday nights to see his best girl friend? He was the only one I knew who had one of the buggies equipped with wheels that had a small ring of rubber around the rim.

— Dad taking me to Hicksville, Ohio (8 miles), for clothes at Maxwell Bros., and our attempt to establish relationship? Neither party was able to find any.

— Christmas as a boy on the farm? We never had a tree to my knowledge, but I hung my stocking up on the back of a straight-backed chair. In the morning there would be an orange down in the toe, some English walnuts, peanuts, Brazil nuts, hazelnuts in the foot and small sized toys in the rest of the stocking. I still have some of the small toys. The church had a program and treated us with hard candy and an orange. As I grew older, appropriate toys were given me but nothing to compare with present-day giving. I really enjoyed what I received. I had the usual wonderment and excitement and anticipation of what Santa would bring.

— the gathering and shelling of walnuts, butternuts and hickory nuts? We had a few bushes of hazelnuts back by the woods but worms took them over and we never had any to use.

— the huckster wagons? One came from Newville, Indiana, and one from Concord, a little settlement two miles west of St. Joe. You might call a huckster wagon a "grocery store on wheels." A truck was converted in such manner that they could bring to you the staples and pick up your eggs and live chickens you wished to sell. Once in a while they found places for other useful commodities such as oil-cloth, yard-goods, thread, etc.

—Ed Miser from St. Joe delivering kerosene oil for lamps, lanterns and sometimes to hurry a reluctant fire in the cook stove? Also, for keeping the incubator warm until the little chicks peeked out of their shells and were ready to be removed.

— the big heater in the living room burning either coal or wood? The coziest place in the room was behind the stove next to the wall where Buster (my collie) and I spent some time each evening on a cold day. Some people used the popular Wilson Heater and some had the hard coal burner.

— the cold upstairs in sub-zero weather? Sometimes the stair door would be left open so a little heat could get up to the little bedroom at the top of the stairs where I slept. A hot brick wrapped in a cloth was sometimes placed by my feet.

— the raising of our own baby chicks in the incubator? There were some very important chores to be done like turning the eggs daily at about the same time each day, keeping kerosene in the lamp and, most important, a steady designated heat, which meant a frequent inspection. It very well could be disastrous if the incubator became either too warm or too cold.

— running the long trap line? On school days I would get up at daybreak, pick up my four hundred ten shotgun and head for the trap line. It was well over a mile I checked each trap for an animal, back to the woods, down to the river and along the gravel pit. I had to get back in time to get ready to walk the one and one-half miles to school at St. Joe.

— the time "Old Charley" the horse was led out of the barn to be taken across the road and into the pasture? He had been in the barn all winter and in his glee to be out and free, as soon as I dropped his halter from his head he jumped on his front feet and kicked out his back feet and side-swiped me on the left side of my face - a near miss! It dazed me for several hours. I thought I could smell horse's hoof for several days.

— the unwelcome job of turning the barrel churn for Mother to have our own butter? We had a DeLaval cream separator to separate the cream from the milk. She would save the cream until we had a sufficient quantity for processing, then put it in the churn and start me churning. The churn sat on a standard and was turned by a crank-type handle. Sometimes it took quite a long time for it to change to butter. At least it seemed long to a certain young lad who had more interesting things to do. The cool buttermilk was tasteful though, especially when little flakes of butter were still in it.

— the appearance of the Ginnivan Dramatic Company at St. Joe? Under a large tent they produced plays for several nights. One night a young lady came out on the stage and sang a song that ended, "I certainly won't have any place to go, unless Willard Maxwell will be

my beau." I accused Edward Kimes who was with me at the time as being the one who gave them my name. I never did find out.

— the fun of being in the Ball State Glee Club at Muncie and competing with the Girls Glee Club? Both clubs sought invitations to make appearances away from school and I'm sure the girls won the most. Miss Huhphrey was most kind and patient with us. Of course, there were always an experienced few upper classmen to aid in breaking in the beginners.

— that last day of school in the country? We all dolled up for the occasion. Some pupils had recitations, some sang, some read poems. The parents brought well-filled baskets of food for dinner. The teacher looked so happy, probably knowing his or her troubles would be over for at least the summer vacation.

— the Saturday night bath in a large wooden wash tub? Water always was too hot or too cold. In the winter we bathed in the kitchen, but in the summer we used the old wood house where we could splash freely.

— the necessity of keeping the reservoir on the kitchen cook stove filled, so hot water was always available? We used soft water pumped from the cistern for rinsing clothes.

— sorghum time? The canes were stripped of leaves, cut, and the stalks were tied in bundles and taken to the mill for the pressing and making of sorghum molasses.

— the tapping of the large maple trees around the barn and back in the woods? A small hole was bored into the tree and a metal spile or spigot was driven into the hole an inch or two. A bucket was hung on the spile and the sap would run through the spile and collect in the bucket. The sap would be gathered and put in a very large iron kettle to boil and remove the water. Sometimes a batch would be boiled extra long to make maple syrup and sugar, or taffy, a sweet chewy candy of molasses that can be pulled by hand until it becomes glossy and holds its shape. Yum! Yum!

— fishing in the St. Joe River under the Hosington bridge? A new cement bridge presently stands a few rods upstream from where the old one stood. Some of the supports for the old bridge still can be seen. My brothers, Roy and Merritt, would take down the long cane poles, pick up the tackle box and bait (usually fish worms) and the lantern for night fishing. The lantern seemed to draw the bullheads and hundreds of mosquitoes and an occasional waterdog.

— my experience down at Coburn Corners Church? The ladies of the church had set out a lunch under the trees in the school yard across

the road from the church. The men were working on several things at the church such as carpenter work, painting, etc. The horses were tied to an iron cable, probably one-half inch thick, that was held up by posts every eight or ten feet. I was over at the school house when I took off running as I usually did when I had someone to play with. But when I came to the cable, I didn't duck down and under and it caught me by the neck under the chin and flipped me. Consternation reigned as I was stunned and unconscious, but in due time I recovered enough to be taken home in the buggy.

— the Senior Class Play as we amateurs performed on the stage? The play was given in the Church of Christ at St. Joe. The name of the play was "The Colonel's Maid," a three-act comedy. It was quite a challenge to me as I had to make three hundred twenty-two speech entries during the play, some short and some quite long.

— the Junior-Senior banquet when we as Juniors entertained the Seniors with a night of frolic and fun? Our turn came the following year when we were the entertained.

— the initiation given to our freshman class as we entered high school? With dire dread we went to the party not knowing what might befall us if we didn't show up for the party, or might happen at the party if we did show up. Rumors had been floating around all week and they had sounded discouraging to say the least. It wasn't bad at all.

— the Saturday night movies shown in St. Joe during the summer out of doors midst the mosquitoes?

— Betsy my pet pig that I raised as my project in the agricultural class at school? After I raised her by taking care of her daily came the time to sell her and tears almost came to me when she left. When she saw me coming, she would lie down to have me rub her tummy. She was a purebred. Her food was carefully weighed and measured and her gain in weight daily recorded.

— the farmers working off their poll tax, two dollars at that time, by hauling gravel from our pit north of the house (brick) by the river? Most of the roads in eastern Concord Township received the gravel from our pit. They had gravel dump-board wagons pulled by two horses.

— pulling out the terribly heavy block of cement at the well so the pipes could be drained into the pit? This was done in late fall to prevent the pipes from freezing in extremely cold weather. In the spring the plug was inserted in the pipe and this kept the water at the spout all the time.

— the sound of the old dinner bell? We could be working with the

horses way back in the fields and the bell would ring. They would pick up their ears and fairly run towards the barn with whatever tool to which they were attached. We presently have the old bell beside the house and once in a while it is tapped so I can once again hear that nostalgic sound. In olden days it could be used as a means of communication between farm homes day or night if someone needed help badly.

— the fall chores needed to prepare for winter? The chickens that were raised during the summer by the house were taken across the road to the chicken house by the barn. Here they would stay all winter. We usually had a hundred or more to transport by hand, mostly hens, as the young roosters had been eaten or sold to the huckster for fryers. About the same time we would carry cabbage, carrots, celery, beets, potatoes and eight or ten bushels of apples in the cellar for use during the winter. The apples were selected by varieties to ripen and mellow in succession.

— the 1916 Maxwell touring car we bought? Sometimes it took two to start it, one to use the crank and at the same time someone to push on the starter. In the winter it would be stored in the barn, put up on four jacks, battery removed and taken to the cellar. In the spring it would be taken out for use. It did have side curtains that could be installed and kept out some of the wind and cold, but it was quite a job to put them on.

— the threshing machine and its equipment? This consisted of the separator, a large steam engine and the water wagon. Usually three men accompanied the outfit. At our place the water wagon could get close enough to the river to fill the tank by pumping water from the stream. Usually we hauled our wheat and oats into the barn when it had dried out, so the separator would be placed there and the straw would be blown into the back barnyard. If the grain was to be threshed in the field, neighbors would bring horses and wagons to haul the grain to the separator. Men in the community exchanged their services. By blowing the straw out back of the barn, it would afford the livestock shelter from the winter cold to some degree. It was always fun to play in the fresh straw unless there were Canadian thistles in it. The straw also made good bedding for horses and cows when they were in the barn. Fresh clean straw of some kinds was also at times used in bed ticking and mattresses.

— the wild noisy guineas that roosted in the large evergreens near the house? If anyone was around during the night, they would let out terrific outcries. They made good watchbirds.

— the cider we made into vinegar by filling a barrel or keg and

adding some substance that eventually caused the cider to turn into vinegar?

— my brother Merritt guarding the railroad river bridge at night during the first World War? This to prevent any possible sabotage at that point.

— the little pig that was given to me by Dell Nelson when I was little? I named it my "foolishness pig" because of its many antics.

— that I called my bed a "mooney" in my first talking days?

— that in days of yore politics were interesting? I leaned Democratic while my pals, Edward and Dale, leaned Republican. The year Merritt was elected County Treasurer, both Dale and Edward sat up with me until early in the morning at the Court House as votes were tabulated. Friendship transcends politics in some cases. This was one. The law denied Merritt from serving more than two terms for treasurer.

— that Mother had a rest on Sunday nights from preparing supper by having popcorn and apples occasionally? Once in a while bread and milk were served. I never heard any complaints.

— the trip Melvin Fichlie and I took to Chattanooga, Tennessee? The most fun he had was seeing how scared I was in that cable car up the mountain. Later Melvin was to be my brother-in-law.

— Mother and Mrs. Wilmot exchanging yeast with one another? When Mother needed the jar of yeast to bake bread, I was sent to get it, and conversely the same for Edward. He would be sent to our place to pick it up. By renewing the yeast it was kept just right for bread, and more important, Edward and I could play together at either house.

— the time Edward, Dale and I went to Pokagon Park? Each one was to bring one food he liked the best for lunch. Edward brought fig newtons, Dale brought bananas, and much to the consternation of both of them, I brought sardines.

— Dad taking me up to Lansing, Michigan, to see Uncle Charley Cochrane for the first time? He weighed three hundred fifty pounds but could climb the stairs to his office in record time. As a kid I was mostly impressed with the size of his feet and hands.

NARRATION CONTINUED

LEAVING HOME — FOR MY FIRST TEACHING JOB

In August of 1926 I packed my clothes in the large trunk that had seen several trips when Dad used it to go away to do carpenter work at Norfolk, Virginia, and Daytona, Florida, in war time.

Dad took the trunk and me to Kendallville, Indiana, to board the Pennsylvania Railroad train north for Mackinaw City, Michigan.

We were ferried across the straits to St. Ignace, which at that time had quite a few Indians camped about. We continued northward to Trout Lake, the point of junction with the Soo Line.

You, the reader, must bear in mind that this was a big trip at that time. Much of the land was covered with virgin timber. Cities were small and very infrequent and were more like villages.

East on the Soo Line we finally arrived at Rudyard, Michigan.

This was a new life coming up. No Mom or no Dad to consult about handling problems or situations. It would make me or break me. At that time it was a considerable distance to go with the probability that I wouldn't get home until nine months later when school was out. That proved to be true. I was somewhat shy with strangers and I knew I somehow had to make good or I wouldn't ever want to return home.

Besides that I had some hay fever and asthma and it was aggravating me somewhat. Finally the train came to a halt and I was at Rudyard, Michigan. I glanced out of the window hoping against hope to see a familiar face.

I did get up and off the train. I saw my trunk put off. That was very reassuring. Then a thin-faced man came up to me and said: "My name is Nimmo. I am principal of the Rudyard School." I was made! I was a man!

He had procured a home for me with a family where the mother of four was English and the father, John, was Finnish. He loaded me up and took me to the place that was to be my home for nine months.

I met the family: John Mattson, the father; Effie Mattson, the mother; a son, Rudolph; another son, Edwin; a girl, Griselda (who preferred to be called Sally); and the fourth child, Alfilda, who would be one of my pupils at school.

We fell in love; I had it made! They not only boarded me, they included me in the family. We lived in harmony. Where they went, I went. Their friends were my friends.

They lived in a large frame house with plenty of rooms so each one had their own room.

Mrs. Mattson was a large motherly type of person who could and did mother many in the neighborhood. Slow to anger, she was loved by the community, but she didn't leave the home often.

John, the father, was an easy-going Finn who farmed, raising mostly contracted peas for seed companies. They also raised hay and usually had more than enough for their needs and sold the remainder.

Rudolph was in high school at Rudyard; Griselda was a year or so ahead of him in school.

The whole family talked the two languages, English and Finnish, fluently.

The area and my school were one hundred percent Finns, but my pupils all spoke both languages. I regret I didn't ever learn their language but the young people all spoke English, so at that time, I failed to see the need for it.

Mr. Nimmo took me to the little white rural shcool house where I had about fifteen or twenty pupils and all grades, one to eight.

I taught two glorious years at Rudyard. The town of Rudyard had about two hundred people at that time. The Mattson children are all living but a little scattered, two at Dearborn Heights, one at the Soo, and one still at Rudyard. The mother and father have both passed on. Presently I correspond with three of the children.

The many young people all accepted me as part of them and I accepted them wholeheartedly. The good times we had and the wonderful memories will remain with me as long as I live.

Entertainment in the area for young people was quite limited in winter but they somehow knew how to make do, and with the Mattson home in the center of the district, this was a focal point for young people.

Skiing was the dominant sport and parents taught the art to their children at four or five years of age. I call it an art because I was so pigeon-toed that my skiis always wanted to cross. In the summer, some baseball was played between the towns.

Sault Ste. Marie, about thirty miles away, was the nearest city of any size. We would do some much-needed shopping there occasionally.

The Mattsons had some friends living in Soo, Ontario, who visited them once in a while. Through them I met a nice young lady, so a few weekend trips were made over into Canada for a while.

There were some family bath-houses (saunas) in the area and if a family didn't have one, they were welcome to use one belonging to a neighbor.

They started early in the day to heat the bath-house. Again the young men had great delight in getting me up on the high level and throwing a

bucket of water on the hot stones, sending a cloud of steam at me. I finally loved the sauna. I didn't have a cold all winter. We would sweat out the colds. After the bath we would thoroughly rinse and put on our robes, go outside and tussle in the snow and roll around in the snow banks before returning to the house.

With Mrs. Mattson's English background, we had two kinds of food — English and Finnish. I liked the Finnish pasta very much.

During the year I lived with them, there was never a word of rancor between us. Of course, there were differences of opinion, but they never turned into ill will.

In my first year of teaching, I'm sure I learned as much as, or more than, my pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Mattson were young at heart and welcomed young people into their home from all four directions. I was happy to be included in their group. With long, cold winter nights, it gave them something to do. It was great for me, as I never was lonesome or homesick. The winter temperatures sometimes went down into the minus 30s and low minus 40s. Once I was out when the official temperature at the Soo was minus 42 degrees. The moisture in your nose would freeze into ice.

I bought a sheepskin coat and wore two shirts and two pairs of trousers at times.

The school was about a quarter of a mile from where I roomed, and drifting snow presented a problem in walking there. I made it every day though, as did most of the pupils.

Although Alfilda was a pupil of mine, we tried not to let that interfere in any way with our teacher-pupil relationship.

The young ladies of the district considered it some sort of distinction to date a teacher, so that made it easier for this shy country boy to get dates.

In the winter, some hay was baled in the large barns. Gravel was also hauled from the mountainside on bob-sleds and deposited in a handy place for the roads come spring.

I performed my own janitor work, made my own fires, dusted, swept floors and tried to keep the chemical toilets working. I received $75 per month for teaching and $10 for janitorial services.

I still have and always will have a special place in my heart for the Finns.

Bob-sleds were used quite extensively and sled rides and parties were in order.

I saw very few snowshoes up there.

After nine months of school I returned home to Indiana with a signed contract to return in the fall.

I worked at various places that summer and left for Rudyard again in August of 1927. Upon my return, I found that the Mattsons had sold the farm and moved to Rudyard, so I made arrangements to stay for the new term with the Augustson family.

Mrs. Augustson was a short, plump lady and she took care of the herd of cattle, and butchered the male calves for the table use. She could butcher and skin a calf in record time.

There were four Augustson boys at home so I wasn't lonesome: one in high school at Rudyard, one who went to my school (the Carolina School), and two boys out of school.

Mr. Augustson had a disability that kept him isolated in a special room away from the rest of the family.

Again I merged with the family. Their friends were my friends. All the boys spoke excellent English and Mrs. Augustson understood English but did not speak it.

They too had a sauna. (Perhaps an explanation would be in order. The men and boys used the sauna together, then the women and girls used it together.) Again neighbors and friends were welcome to participate if they desired to do so.

Ed. Augustson was nearest my age. He had access to a car so we double dated quite a bit.

As in the previous year, we had our annual Christmas Party at the school with a short playlet and songs and recitations and a gift exchange. Of course, we recognized each national holiday with something appropriate for the day.

I was again my own janitor but with a small salary raise.

The fuel for heating was white birch. The dry bark made excellent kindling.

Many of the children brought milk to school to have with their lunch. We had to keep it in the room around the stove to keep it from freezing.

The stove had a metal jacket and rested in front of the room in the corner. You had to open the jacket to take out the ashes and add fuel. Then when the jacket was closed the heat was fairly well distributed over and around the room.

It was customary for the teacher to take the older boys and an axe and go up into the woods on the mountainside to cut the tree for Christmas. It was dragged down and set up and we hung on to that tree until all the needles were gone.

Another term was ended and it was back home to the St. Joe area, and working again for the Strong brothers. They were such nice people. I worked alone except at potato harvesting time. I set my hours pretty well and kept my own time.

I decided the time had come to decide whether to return to Rudyard for a third term or to seek a school elsewhere.

It had worked out so well for two years but my theory was to change schools while they still wanted me.

I thought how my life had changed. From the shy, scared, uncertain, backward boy who had taken two trips up north I had become self-confident, less shy, and more self-asserting. From passive to active. It seemed like a miracle.

Armed with a recommendation from Mr. Nimmo, I secured a school in Delta County, Michigan, near Escanaba. So I started early and headed north again.

The County Commissioners had secured for me a place to board. I was to live with Mr. and Mrs. Ford at Cornell. It was a little farther from school than it had been at Rudyard, but the road to school was somewhat better. I also had my car with me.

The Fords had two boys at home yet: Clayton, who was in high school, and Byron, who worked at the paper mill near Escanaba.

The school was made up of Belgians, French, Germans, and Irish. There was a generation between the pupils and the immigrants to this country.

The school had indoor toilets and a large jacketed stove about the same type as the one at Rudyard.

Potatoes were the big crop here. At harvest time you would find your classes somewhat unmanned. Any child capable of picking up potatoes was kept home to help with the harvest.

When asked about this absenteeism, the County Commissioner said that it was a part of their lives and not to be concerned.

I had forty-two pupils in this school. Most of the parents talked English but they conversed together in their own language.

At the start of school two parents sought me out and said each had a little girl aged four who would be left home alone when the older brothers and sisters were in school. So I added the little girls and sort of isolated them in the corner. They were wonderful and such good friends. Once in a while their "whispering" was a little loud, but not too bad. I secured "busy work" from the Director and they had a little start schoolwise. They also had flash cards for words and numbers.

There was a post office and a general store at the crossroads called Cornell. Another one-room school was located there.

When I first arrived at my school, I went to call on Mr. Verhagen, the man who was directly responsible for my school. Not ever having seen the school or pupils, I was somewhat surprised when his first greeting was, "So you are the one who is going to teach my school? I doubt if you can handle the job." I told him I surely was going to give it a try. After a few days I found out why he had said that. They had a teacher the previous year who was virtually run out of the school and Mr. Verhagen didn't think I was "physically large enough" to handle them. He told me he would back me up if I ran into difficulties.

I appreciated his forewarning. On the first day of school while I still didn't know any of the pupils, I told them what I expected of them for the year and they did come through. After a few weeks, I could ease up a little at a time. Of course there were problems and bad days now and then when there would be differences in opinion. But they were taken care of in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

In the three years of my teaching, there never was a visit from any school officials at either Rudyard or Cornell.

A French family and an Irish family had a feud going between them and of course this showed up between the children at school. There were some problems that came up but eventually things turned out all right.

During the year we had a little play worked up and they liked that very much. There also was an old-fashioned box social for the community that went over big. Many of the young men had spent weeks up on the mountain cutting pulp wood and the social gave them an opportunity to have fun as well as being with their relatives and girl friends again.

I had seven eighth-graders in school.

After school was out, I decided to go to summer school at Northern State Normal at Marquette, Michigan, on Lake Superior. During the winter I had taken some courses from that school by mail. I also had

taken Civil Service courses by mail at the same time. (These are not to be confused with the Civil Service Examination I took at Sault Ste. Marie while I was still teaching at Rudyard.)

At Normal School weeks went swiftly by. I roomed near the college with a fellow student, Joe Giovanni, an Italian. He worked part-time at a filling station.

I searched for a job on Saturdays and finally landed one for one day only. It turned out that a house was to be moved down a main street of Marquette. My job was to pick up 2"x8"x12' planks and hurry ahead and place them on the street for the rollers to run on. This had to be continued until the house reached its destination.

Another student handled the other side. I had never in my life done such heavy work where there was no chance to get a breather. I wasn't in any shape for this after nine months teaching school. I was too tender and ached in every muscle. Needless to say, that was my first and last experience in moving a building.

Most of us at Normal were teachers trying to make a few dollars for necessities. Some of us ate one cooked meal a week and snacked the other meals.

The school was situated in a beautiful area with a causeway leading to a beautiful island in Lake Superior.

Part way through the term a special delivery letter came to me saying I had been appointed to a position in the Post Office Department, depending on my qualifying, and asking me to report immediately to Crestline, Ohio, for my physical and tests.

Then my concern was real. I did want to conclude my term at Marquette and get credit for my term's work. But on the other hand I felt maybe I should give up my schooling mid-term and head for Crestline while the new job was still available. I didn't have too much time, but I decided that I would try to complete my studies and still make it to Crestline for the qualifying.

In the meantime I rushed a letter to Dad, special delivery, to get his opinion about whether I should give up my schooling and teaching for a career in the Service. Good old Dad wrote me a letter by return mail citing the pros and cons of each job and said he couldn't tell me what to do, that it was my life and that it wouldn't be fair and just for him to make the decision. I must decide for myself. I decided on the postal service.

They did give me some time and I did get my credits, so it worked out all right.

I qualified at Crestline and awaited assignments. I was assigned to the Pennsylvania Railroad between Chicago and Pittsburgh; my head office, Crestline.

Meantime it was up to them to assign me when work was available. I lived at home here at St. Joe and I did get some assignments: deadheading into either Chicago or Pittsburgh to start the run, make the round trip or trips, then deadhead home again. Because I was new and not as yet familiar with schedules, connections and Postal Laws and Regulations, work was not too plentiful. I filled in with a little farming here at home.

To help alleviate this situation they offered me an opportunity to get some work at Pittsburgh that would be steady for a few months until regular employees would be taking vacations or sick leave, etc.

I did accept this offer and entered the Terminal. I was there for a few months. About every other weekend I took the train and came back home for a day or so.

Let me say here the job required distribution knowledge of several states and cities before you became a valuable substitute. I was studying all my spare time to qualify for work. As an example, Iowa had over twelve hundred offices and you had to learn the best supply or routing for each office going into Chicago, the terminus of my run. The Railroad City had many railroads spreading in all directions. I would go to Crestline and an examiner there tested me. Passing grade was 97%, which meant you did not dare to have more than three cards missed out of one hundred. If you failed, you were given thirty days to qualify.

A written test was given for Postal Laws and Regulations.

You were issued a pass over the line on which you were assigned for the purpose of deadheading, also issued a revolver, holster and belt which you wore on duty. One clerk was assigned to work registers but any of us could be assigned to deliver registers to any post office, to another train in the same station, or a different station. All positions were classified, and selection of runs was by seniority only. One hazard we had was leaving a door open in summer to permit air passing through the car on a hot day. There were safety bars across all doors.

One day all the crew were in the front end of the sixty-foot car working first class except a new substitute who was at the back, the paper end, on papers. We had looked back several times to see if he was all right or needed assistance. One more time we looked back and he was gone. The train, going sixty miles per hour, rounding a curve,

was too much. Evidently he had been standing in or near the open door. His body was found on the railroad right-of-way.

Since Cleveland was my terminus eastbound, I had to be washed up, have my case cleaned out and ready to step out when the train stopped, as the mail car continued on to New York City. Some would get on at Cleveland to take the cases on to the end of the line.

Once on a trip westbound we stopped at Elkhart, Indiana, to take on mail when a Post Office Inspector boarded the mail car. He went over to the man working the Chicago City case and arrested him and took him off the train. He later was found guilty of stealing letters which enclosed donations to a veterans' organization. He had forfeited his job and his future for the usual one or two dollar donations placed in the mail. He had been in the service several years.

Another time I was registered at my Chicago hotel near the Dearborn Station. Orders had been given that upon registering you should have your gun placed in the hotel safe until you left the next day. I was new and hadn't talked with any clerk who did place it in the safe, so I took it up to my room. After a nap, I arose, dressed and went up town to look around as I had always done. Upon my return I opened the door and I saw my grip was open. The gun, holster and belt were gone. I notified the management, called the police and reported to my office. The loss of gun penalty was forty demerits, but there were mitigating circumstances in this case so I never was charged.

It was quite an experience working mail in a car traveling at speeds of sixty to seventy miles per hour, around curves, always thinking of a possible derailment, especially in war times.

I did have a one-man run assignment between Toledo and Mansfield, Ohio. There I would make a trip a day and return to Toledo each night. It was the most democratic assignment of my career. You put off and accepted mail at all the small offices on the line, and became acquainted with station people and you saw them every week day. People would just loiter around the station to see the trains come in. There was one little lady who brought me cake and cookies down to the station as I passed through.

My Dad died the first part of December, 1930, and soon after I accepted appointment to the Cincinnati, Ohio, Terminal on a permanent basis. There I worked regular hours again and of course started in a less preferred shift. I moved a few belongings and decided to rent a room in Covington, Kentucky, just across the Ohio River. I could walk to work across the bridge. Mrs. Bitte was my landlady and a most gracious and understanding one.

And then came Ruth!! One day as I was sitting in the Covington, Kentucky, Chili Parlor on Scott Street listening to the juke box playing "Bend down sister if you want to get slim," two girls came into the building. One of them took my eye and I decided I wanted to get a date with her. Since she was more quiet than her friend, I saw that I would have to work through the other talkative girl to get to the other one I wanted.

The girls worked at the Kenton County Welfare office. I made a date with the talkative one and found out the one I wanted was named Ruth Fichlie. So I took the talkative one home and then went to a phone and started calling the Fichlies in the phone book to see which one had a "Ruth." I located her and we dated from then on.

I decided to take a secretarial course of shorthand, typing and bookkeeping, to get out of the terminal into either a District or General Superintendent's Office. Cincinnati offices had jurisdiction over all railroads, air lines, buses, etc., carrying mail in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. I later received my appointment to the District One Office at Cincinnati.

Ruth's hours at the welfare office and mine at the Terminal didn't work out very good. We couldn't be together very much.

One evening when we were parked along the Ohio River on the Kentucky side listening to the calliope, I asked her to be my wife. To my surprise she accepted me.

We were married August 7, 1934, at Hamilton Lake, Indiana.

Pluma Hamilton, Lela Northrup and Dale Trostel witnessed our wedding. Reverend Joe Scholes of Coburn Corners performed the ceremony. Mother was also a witness.

We had planned to be married in a boat out on Hamilton Lake. But it rained hard at the hour set for the wedding, so we were married in a cottage at the lake.

We went on a honeymoon to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, then moved westward to Minnesota, stopping at the spot where the Mississippi River begins. We stepped across the river. We returned via Wisconsin and Illinois stopping to see special places such as the Wisconsin Dells, Lake Michigan Beaches, Miners Falls, Conglomerate Falls, Umbrella Rock, Presque Isle, Marquette and the College, also the state prison, Pictured Rocks, St. Croix Dam, etc.

We were especially anxious to get back to St. Joe as Coburn Corners Church had given us a shower the night before we left on our trip and we didn't remember just what we had received since we had been gone

Ruth and I in our wedding picture, August 7, 1334

Here are our wonderful children in a photo taken at Christmas of 1959: Sharon (Hightower) at left in her Air Force uniform, Paul, and Beverly (Monro) in her TWA hostess uniform.

a month.

Upon our return to Kentucky, we set up housekeeping in Latonia, Kentucky, across from the cemetery. Things were going fine; then I was transferred to the Toledo, Ohio, office after a few weeks' marriage.

I was in Toledo, Ruth in Latonia and the papers hadn't come through on the transfer, so we couldn't do anything but await orders.

I would leave Latonia Sunday night, get into Toledo Monday morning in time to go to work, leave Toledo Saturday night and return to Latonia to be with Ruth one day. This to a newly-married couple!

Ruth did come up to Toledo for a couple weeks to be with me.

Finally the transfer was official and Ruth and I moved to Toledo, Ohio, which was a district office under the General Superintendent in Cincinnati.

Claude Graves was District Superintendent and Arthur Scutt Assistant.

In a couple weeks they had a welcoming party for us at the office.

We rented a little house on Burton Avenue in West Toledo. Later on we rented a house on Kelsey Avenue in East Toledo. A few months later we bought a house on Nevada Street in East Toledo.

On March 12, 1936, our first child, Beverly Joyce, was born; on June 6, 1940, our second child, Sharon Rose; and on September 20, 1941, Paul Floyd was born. We were in Toledo about eight years. Not much change in the status of work occurred. The three children were on the way to growing up. Ruth and I added some more years.

We sold our property in Toledo and bought a house in Sylvania, Ohio, and moved there. This was a small city quite close to Toledo.

I wanted more experience on the train in a railway post office, so I transferred from the Toledo Office and was assigned to the New York Central trains between Cleveland and Chicago. Most of their trains stopped at Waterloo, Indiana, which was near my old home at St. Joe.

We rented a house at Sedan, Indiana, near Waterloo and moved there. Later we bought a house in Waterloo for the sake of convenience.

While we lived there, my mother passed away in 1948.

We remained at Waterloo for about five years. A position in the District One office at Cincinnati became available. It seemed that although I was home about one-half of the time while I was in road service, I was never home when civic opportunities were available, and my children were growing up and I was missing them and their acti-

vities. Ruth and I decided I should return to office work at Cincinnati.

We sold our property at Waterloo, bought a nineteen-foot trailer and headed south once again. We found a trailer court at Ludlow, Kentucky, close to Cincinnati and put up there.

We lived in the trailer about nine months which included Christmas. Did you ever live in a nineteen-foot trailer with three children at Christmas? We put up a small Christmas tree for the children in particular but at bed time we had to set it outside so we could all go to bed. It was indeed an experience for all of us.

The trailer court was on the bank of the Ohio River and on one occasion the water rose to the floor of the laundry causing us all to make plans for a possible move. Luckily it did recede but we started looking for a house.

Beverly was about fourteen, Sharon ten and Paul nine when we bought a house on Park Avenue in Elsmere, Kentucky. It was a cute little house but unhandy to schools, church, groceries, etc.

I had to have an emergency appendectomy while living there and convalesced for six weeks. After living there for about a year, we rented the house and bought a house on Carlisle Avenue in Elsmere. It was close to all things that we needed and only a couple blocks from schools. All three children had been doing satisfactory work in school.

The house was on a lot next to the Church of Christ in Elsmere. There was an extra lot, and a few years later we decided to sell our home to the church for a parsonage. We moved into a new home on Commonwealth Avenue in Erlanger, Kentucky. We lived there until we retired in 1968.

Beverly graduated from St. Henry High School in 1954, and started working for Western Southern Life Insurance Company. Later she worked for two doctors in Erlanger. Then later she became a hostess for TWA Airlines. This position she held until her marriage to John Munro in 1958. They have three children, Lori, Vicki and Douglas, and are presently living at Fairview Park, Ohio.

Sharon graduated from St. Henry High School in 1958. Within a short time she went into the Women's Air Force. She married Dean Hightower February 6, 1960. They have two adopted children, a boy, Gary, and a girl, Sherri. They are presently living at Columbus, Georgia, as Dean recently retired after a career in the U.S. Army.

Paul graduated from St. Henry High School in 1959. He immediately enlisted in the U.S. Air Force. After leaving the Air Force, he married Trudy Butler in 1963. He and Trudy have five children, Julia, Angela,

Holli, Paula and David. They are presently living at Celina, Ohio. Paul is Administrator of a Nursing and Rest Home.

On April 19, 1968, I retired from the U.S. Postal Service with nearly thirty-nine years of service. That and my three years teaching made me about forty-two years of active service. A few days later Ruth resigned from the Internal Revenue Service and on May 15, 1968, we moved up to DeKalb County, Indiana, into the small cottage formerly owned by Harlan and Patricia Euton.

With lots of ground (3 acres) I decided I would like to make a garden once again, so I planted about three-fourths acre to flowers, vegetables and strawberry plants. We had more than enough to can, freeze and give away.

Immediately upon our return Harold Kagey (next door south) asked me to join the St. Joe-Spencerville Lions Club. Not being a "joiner," I hesitated but finally agreed with a proviso that if at any time I felt I wasn't contributing anything substantial to the club (talent-wise), I would resign. I enjoyed the fellowship and especially the hamburger stand at the Auburn Fair. I recognized that the club does much good and provides money for many worthwhile projects, many right here in our own community, as well as contributing to the state and national organizations. But I did resign.

The freedom of being retired felt good and also not being subject to unusual regulations. I knew I had to be busy so we chartered a course that kept us doing new things and seeing many new things. Two opportunities of jobs were turned down, one at a local factory and one to do appraisal work.

Ruth established her church home at Hicksville, Ohio, and I re-established mine at Coburn Corners.

The fall of 1968 came and we chucked it all and made a seven-week trip to the Pacific coast, out the north way and back the south way.

We visited many beautiful and historical places: WEST BRANCH, IOWA, Herbert Hoover's birthplace, also the library and museum.

At MINDEN, NEBRASKA, the "Pioneer Village" was well worth seeing. The museum was dedicated to "Man's Progress Since 1830." There were 30,000 items, 22 buildings, on 20 acres.

At LONGMONT, COLORADO, where the city nestled beside the mountains, we went to see Hazel Porath, who was in my eighth grade when I taught school at Cornell, Michigan. It was a most pleasant reunion after so many years. I hadn't seen her since she graduated.

On to MT. RUSHMORE to see the four Presidents carved out of the side of a mountain. A stop at REPTILE GARDENS where they had trained pigs, chickens and ducks.

Then on to FT. LARAMIE, WYOMING (which is a National Historical Site). There was a Buffalo Bill Historical Center at CODY, WYOMING.

Going over the BIG HORN MOUNTAINS at over nine thousand feet we ran into a snow storm even in August. Then we came to YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. This was quite interesting with its OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER, and volcano trail in the mud, and terraced nature trail. The Yellowstone River is also pretty with its falls.

We also went down to see the TETONS before we left Yellowstone. If these are not the most majestic mountains, they are near the top. There is also a GRAND TETON PARK. God was most liberal in this area as attested to by both Yellowstone and the Tetons.

We stayed all night within the park in one of five areas that have lodges, restaurants, gas stations, etc.

Moving westward we came to the ANACONDA MINE, one mile deep and one mile long.

Next we came to the GRAND COULEE DAM. It was immense. Work on and around the dam was being done, so no tours were available.

In Idaho we saw a MISSION built without nails. It sets on a hill overlooking Highway 90. We passed through ACRES OF POTATO COUNTRY.

We crossed into CANADA and saw miles of fruit trees. We went to VANCOUVER, a beautiful city, turned south and stopped at PUGET SOUND. We made a four-hour trip on a large boat among the many, many islands. This too was beautiful.

We took the picturesque trip on the COLUMBIA RIVER between Washington and Oregon. We saw BONNEVILLE DAM, CRATER LAKE. We still could see two snow-capped peaks most of the time.

RENO, NEVADA, was an interesting place. Couples would go into the side of a building single, and come out another door married. Many gamblers were standing and waiting to get in to play the machines. We also went to see VIRGINIA CITY, the ghost town.

After wandering around for a day or two, we headed south for YOSEMITE PARK and its trees.

We passed through NEW MEXICO to TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA. The old cemetery was a place for some pictures. We also crossed into MEXICO to see our neighbor to the south. We also went into CARLSBAD

CAVERNS. We were greeted by the thousands of bats.

We circled around and went down into Texas and saw the L. B. JOHNSON RANCH. Also the ALAMO, and came back by Texarkana, Kentucky and home.

We had left so much in our garden to mature while we were away, but Delores Ault had looked after things and didn't let much go to waste.

In the summer of 1969 we took off for a trip south. We went down through Tennessee, Kentucky and Georgia to Florida.

We stopped at NOKOMIS, FLORIDA, on the west coast to see Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Lacy. I had worked with Del for several years in the District One office at Cincinnati. We stayed with them overnight.

At SARASOTA, FLORIDA, we saw where the circus was wintered and saw a show at the same time especially put on for tourists. Here also was a museum of antiques featuring many old organs, both foreign and domestic, as well as old cars. Incidentally, they had an old "Maxwell" on the floor.

Continuing down the west coast until we were about even with Miami on the east coast, we then crossed over the state to Miami. Ruth's brother, Melvin, lived at Miamar, near Miami, so we stayed a few days with Melvin and Dorothy, his wife.

The four of us then drove down to KEY WEST and stayed all night in one room due to lack of lodging facilities. Here Harry Truman and Mrs. Truman had spent some vacations. We did get to see some of the old wrecked boats that Cubans had used to flee to this country. They were very unseaworthy.

After leaving Key West, Ruth and I started up the east coast to FT. LAUDERDALE. We stopped at their famous beach but the weather was so cool no one was in the water. However, I did get a picture of Ruth standing in the water with her heavy coat on.

We moved on and came to the beautiful harbor at CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA. We went out to see FT. SUMTER. It was most interesting.

Northward again we came to the place in North Carolina where the LOST COLONY was dramatized in season. What actually happened here regarding the Colony has never been fully determined.

In Georgia we saw STONE MOUNTAIN and what a stone!

We returned home through West Virginia.

In August of 1969 we left for a seven-week visit to Germany. This

was our first flight overseas. Our Sharon and Dean and their family were still there. They were based at Idar Oberstein in the Frankfort area. Dean, our son-in-law, was making the Army his career.

Let me say here I had never been able to get any higher than what a twelve-foot ladder would take me. So I debated a long time with myself whether I could possibly fly that far, or even get up into the air. I was quite proud of my accomplishment when after a short time my fears pretty well disappeared.

All six of us left Idar Oberstein and headed for Grado, Italy, where Sharon had procured for us in advance a place to camp out for a week.

We traveled in a little jeep station wagon, four adults and two children. It would be impossible to recall all the places we went, everything we saw, all the historic places we visited and the many experiences we shared. Therefore, I shall enumerate a few of the outstanding highlights.

At LUXEMBOURG city there was a beautiful cathedral and chapel. Within the country is the cemetery where American war dead are buried, including General Patton. Historic bridges abound.

At GRADO, Italy, where we camped for a week. A number of places where there were old Roman ruins. The camp afforded us a place to relax and take some short trips. The children made good use of the swimming pool.

At TRIESTE a boat took us over the Adriatic Sea from Grado, Italy, to this city of history and international controversy among nations. There was quite a severe storm on the return to Grado but we weathered it.

At GARMISH in the Alps, Sharon and Dean reserved this resort spot on the lake in a very large hotel. In this area were the Jugspitte group of mountain caps. Also in this area the famous Von Ludwig Castle. We were here several days.

In AUSTRIA the old Olympic ski-jump was still standing.

At Oberammergus the Passion Theater, city shops and various statues. Every ten years the Passion Play is dramatized by local people. We did get to see some of the costumes used in the play.

At AQUILEA, Italy, near our camp site were Roman ruins and the Basilica.

At VENICE we saw St. Mark's Square, St. Mark's Church, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, Rialto Bridge. We fed the pigeons on the

Square and had a ride in the Gondola. We sat down to rest our legs on the Square and drank a small bottle of eighty-cent "coke."

In ROME we saw the Colosseum, St. Peter's Cathedral, Roman Forum, Pantheon, La Pieta Statue, Appian Way, Capitol and many other well-known landmarks.

We saw the TREVI FOUNTAIN made famous by the song "Three Coins In the Fountain." Also statue of Michaelangelo.

In POMPEII the Amphitheater and many lava areas.

At PISA the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral.

At MILAN the Cathedral, Scala Theater, and the original "Last Supper."

In SWITZERLAND the Goddard Pass, Devil's Bridge and endless beautiful mountains.

In LICHTENSTEIN at Valduz, the capital, we saw the capitol and did some shopping.

In PARIS* we saw Notre Dame Cathedral, The Follies, Eiffel Tower, Opera House, Moulin Rouge, Rue de la Paix, Arc de Triumph, Louvre, Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa.

In VERSAILLES* the Palace Honor Gates, Apollo Basin building where the peace treaty was signed for World War I.

In WEST BERLIN* the Berlin Opera House, Olympic Stadium, Checkpoint Charlie, The Wall, Brandenburg Gate, Unter den Linden.

In EAST BERLIN* we saw Goebbel's Propaganda Ministry, Wilhelmstrasse, remains of Hitler Bunker where it is said he died.

In LONDON*, Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's Cathedral, Tower and Tower Bridge, Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Big Ben, Parliament Square, Buckingham Palace, Yeomen of the Guard, Changing of the Guard, Picadilly Circus.

At STRATFORD-ON-AVON*, Shakespeare's birthplace, his mother's home, Ann Hathaway's cottage, Shakespeare's church and theatre.

At CANTERBURY*, the Cathedral, Effigy of Black Prince, and and Norman Tower.

We also saw at ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL the life size original painting of "The Light of the World," and Lady Chapel.

In BELGIUM*, we saw Brussels City, "Atonium at Night," Main

Elevated Street, Art Gallery and while we were at Brussels, an annual National Harvest Festival on the streets at the square. Ruth and I tripped the light fantastic (it was more like a shuffle).

Sharon and Dean's vacation time had run out, so Ruth and I took off on our own, and those places marked with an asterisk (*) we saw by ourselves.

We then went to Idar Oberstein, packed up and flew back home.

We had saved up money for years to do some traveling upon retirement. God was good to us and gave us good health so that we, together, could see so many beautiful places and scenes. After planning for years, this was the fruition of our dreams.

In 1970 we took an early spring trip into the south. Leaving Indiana we went through Kentucky and Tennessee to JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI. The capitol was beautiful and we saw the old capitol also and the State Museum and the old Mansion.

At VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, we went on the river boat, the "Sprague," for a lot of entertainment and fun. We visited the National Military Park and saw beautiful old historic homes of Colonial design that belonged years ago to the southern aristocracy. We crossed the river and went into Louisiana. We had an aerial view of the capitol at BATON ROUGE and L.S.U. stadium. Surrounding gardens were all in bloom.

On to NEW ORLEANS. We took a bus to see various attractions. We saw the Jeff Davis house, French Quarter, sidewalk artists, Pirate's Alley, Antoine's 1840 Room and Replica of Tara (Scarlet O'Hara's home).

We noted many burials in Louisiana could not be made in the ground due to a high water level.

After leaving there, we went around Lake Pontchartrain and headed for MOBILE, ALABAMA, on the Gulf Coast. One of the most beautiful things we saw was Bellingrath Gardens near Mobile. Flowers and artistic arrangements made with flowers, everything seemed to be at its best in the Gardens. They also had an Oriental Garden at Mobile. We also saw the U.S.S. Alabama and its equipment. It was interesting to us.

At MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, we saw the Capitol and Museum, also the old Confederate Capitol.

We headed north to CULLMAN, ALABAMA, to see the Ave Maria Grotto. A nice park to walk through and see small replicas of so many things like: St. Peter's in Rome, Temple at Jerusalem, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Noah's Ark, and Tower of Babel and others. What

made them especially unique was that they were constructed almost entirely of cast-off matter such as old bottles, batteries, broken glass, bottle caps, little stones, etc.

At NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, we saw the Partheon, capitol, Kirkland Hall, Vanderbilt University, Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's home with its famous chandelier and curving staircase. We also saw the Music Hall of Fame — Country Music.

On to GATLINBURG, TENNESSEE. We had been there several times so we just went to see the Wax Museum where we enjoyed especially "John Brown, Declaration of Independence, and Columbus Discovering America." We were glad to see "Christmas Gardens," one of the best of its kind. You went into a darkened room and as you stood there the figures began to lighten up and after a few minutes it would darken and we would pass on to another picture. There were scenes of the life of Jesus such as the Nativity, Sermon on the Mount, the Temptation, etc., about a dozen pictures.

Continuing on to CUMBERLAND FALLS, KENTUCKY, Niagara of the South, and Devil's Bath Tub; HARRODSBURG, KENTUCKY, the old fort, old school house, and grave of the first white child born in Kentucky. At DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, we saw the McDowell House where the first hysterectomy was performed.

Back to Indiana and home for a breather.

In the early fall of 1971 we made another trip. This time to Eastern United States and Eastern Canada.

We went the south way through Ohio and Pennsylvania. We stopped at CORNING, NEW YORK. Here we saw the Corning Glass Center and College of Ceramics and a two hundred inch glass casting; at CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK, the playhouse of the entertainment world where many plays and actings are promoted. At COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK, the baseball Hall of Fame and model pitching machine. At TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK, the old fort. At HYDE PARK, NEW YORK, the Franklin Roosevelt home.

At HADLYME, CONNECTICUT, Gillette Castle Rock, and a beautiful view of the Connecticut River. Then on to MASSACHUSETTS with BOSTON OLD STATE HOUSE, Faneuil Hall, and U.S.S. Constitution; also the Commons and Old Cemetery nearby.

At LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS, the Minute Men, the North Bridge, at CONCORD, SALEM HOUSE where witchcraft was practiced. At HUBBARDTON, VERMONT, a battle of the Revolutionary War took place.

At PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, we saw the "Rock." We saw Coolidge's home in VERMONT, also Our Lady of Missions.

Then across to Maine and on to New Brunswick, Canada. Here was the MYSTERY CRATER and the TIDAL WAVE at Moncton.

We took the boat to PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. A most beautiful island and wonderful winter climate. There we saw the lady with nearly a thousand SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS (a recent letter from her states she now has over two thousand).

We drove around the island and then crossed to NOVA SCOTIA via boat. Then we went on to CAPE BRETON. It was there I had my first and probably last experience with a blue-eyed cooked trout. Then up and around the GASPE PENINSULA and across the St. Lawrence River into QUEBEC.

As we rounded the Peninsula the most imposing and impressive and beautiful things we saw were the many cathedrals, one in every town, no matter how small the town, all hugging the coast.

We walked the city of QUEBEC on the famous board walk. We saw the Parliament Buildings at OTTAWA and cathedrals. We re-crossed the river by boat through the THOUSAND ISLANDS. They were spectacular. Back in the United States and home.

Our next trip was to the HOLY LAND. On January 13, 1972, we left home, drove to Huntington, Indiana, where we left our car at the home of the tour guide from Huntington College. From there we took a bus to Indianapolis, Indiana. Our itinerary was: Indianapolis to LaGuardia, New York, TWO; New York to Amsterdam, Holland, KLM 642; Amsterdam to Athens, Greece, KLM 545; Athens to Nicosia, Cyprus, 313.

A bus picked us up at Nicosia to take us to Larnaca where we boarded a steamer which was to be our hotel for the time spent on the tour. There were three hundred or so on the boat. Nine buses were to haul us around.

The ship was the "Orpheus." We did do some sightseeing in Cyprus before boarding. We saw some ruins and a church quite old but still in use. Barnabas and Paul did missionary work in Cyprus.

After boarding the ship we immediately looked over the bunks, one for each of us in a stateroom. All were called on deck where instructions were given in the use of life preservers and the manner in which the tour proceeded. We would be eating breakfast and dinner on the boat each day, but for lunch a bag was packed to be carried along in the bus.

The bus would pick us up each day and we could sightsee the entire day. On a few days we were up at 0500 and sometimes didn't get back until 2000. That didn't dampen our enthusiasm though as we were to see so many things and had a lot ahead of us.

At night there was dancing or resting or playing games or whatever you wanted. The majority seemed to be willing to just rest, listen to the band and then "hit the hay" about 2300 and be ready for an early call.

The first day we stopped at Tarsus, Turkey, the birthplace of Paul. During the tour every place the bus stopped we would be swamped by children seeking food or favor from the tourists. Some did divide their food with them. Sometimes curious adults would appear and would have something to sell.

Our little group of about thirty, a bus load, remained together and kept contact with our guide. By the time the tour was over, everyone spoke to each other on a first name basis.

One night Ruth took a pill that was supposed to keep one from getting seasick. I felt sure I wouldn't get sick and didn't take any and made light of Ruth taking one. During the night a storm came up on the Mediterranean and woke me up. The boat was tossing enough that our beds were out in the middle of the floor, then would be tossed back against the wall. I tried to walk to the bath door but couldn't hang on to anything and was I sick! It finally eased up and I went back to sleep. Needless to say Ruth had no trouble. That was the main topic of conversation early the next morning.

TARSUS was also where Cleopatra's Gate was located. Paul's Well was near the house where St. Paul had lived. About this time we found out that Mrs. Coleman from Waterloo and Mrs. Bassett (Ruth Wilmot's sister) were on the same tour, but on a different bus. We also found the market place and ruined castles dating dack to Roman days. We saw a Roman aqueduct also.

At ANTIOCH we went up steep steps to St. Peter's Church which is where Paul preached secretly to Christians in a cave at the end of the steps. We saw many beautiful mosaics in a nearby museum.

BEIRUT in Lebanon has a large wonderful harbor. We took the bus in the morning expecting to go to Damascus but after getting part way into the mountains we had to turn the bus around and return to base due to weather conditions (snow). This trip to Damascus was to be in lieu of a trip to Alexandria, Egypt, that had to be cancelled due to trouble in that area.

Ruins at BYBLOS, Holy City of the Phoenicians, was where the Bible derived its name. There were many things to see at that place: the harbor, Phoenician ruins, Mosque Cathedral and Amphitheater.

At SHECHEM, Jacobs Well, also known as "Well of the woman of Samaria." We drank from the well ourselves.

At MEGIDDO, the Biblical Armageddon. Saul and Josiah died here. The victory over the Midianites also. It is signified as a place of great slaughter and scene of terrible retribution upon the wicked. SOLOMON'S Royal Stables for the chariot horses were located here, four hundred and fifty stables. University of Chicago archeologists uncovered twenty cities here, one atop the other. Ancient Canaanite Altar is located here; also remains of an old water system. The Ancantas plant, leaves of which are said to have served as a model in the ornamentation of pillars in Corinthian architecture, are here.

At NAZARETH were Mary's Well and steps leading to the well. A Greek Orthodox Church and Grotto of Annunciation are here.

At CANA was the scene of the first Miracles.

At MT. TABOR the traditional scene of the Transfiguration.

The RIVER JORDAN, 632 feet below the Mediterranean Sea level. Sixty-five miles long, but counting the many windings, two hundred miles long. There are several fords on the river and it is possible that John and some disciples used one of the customary fords. Jesus was baptized in this river, probably south closer to the Dead Sea.

The SEA OF GALILEE is fourteen miles long, seven miles wide, seven hundred feet below sea level, sixty miles from Damascus, Syria. The sea is known for its violent storms. Here Jesus gave the call to Peter, James, John and Andrew. Jesus and Peter walked on the water. Jesus stilled the tempest here.

At TOBGHA was given the Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes and the loaves and fishes miracle.

KIBBUTZ, a present day mode of living someplaces the same as it was in Biblical times. It is known as communal living. The schools are within the compound, no salaries are paid to teachers. Children eat and sleep within the compound.

At MONTFORT was a fortress built by the Romans and used later by the Crusaders.

At CAPERNAUM Jesus preached. It was at the upper end of the Sea of Galilee. Here Jesus cast out the devil, healed Peter's mother-in-law,

also raised the daughter of Jarrius and healed the palsied man.

TIBERIAS was built by Herod Antipas; hot springs are located here; also a boat now travels between Tiberias and Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee.

At CAESAREA we saw a seven mile long aqueduct that had been built by the Romans.

At MAGDLA was the home of Mary Magdalene. Many acres of olives in this area.

At BETHANY was Lazarus's tomb, home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus. Jesus met the weeping sister here.

The BEDOUINS. Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar, the Egyptian concubine, was born when Abraham was eighty-six years of age. God had promised he would make a great nation out of Ishmael. He and Hagar were sent away and they wandered in the wilderness by Beersheba. Abraham lived to be a very old man. His sons peopled the north and the west sides of the Arabian peninsula and formed the chief element of the wandering tribes of Bedouins.

At JERICHO was the old Roman road to Jerusalem used by Jesus and still exists. Nearby the Jordan River five miles from Jericho is where the Israelites crossed over; also where Jesus was baptized. Jericho was fortified under Herod with walls so strong that houses were built on top of the wall.

Between Jericho and Jerusalem was the scene of the "Good Samaritan." Here at Jericho the walls tumbled at the sound of Joshua's trumpet.

At the MOUNT OF TEMPTATION, Jesus was tempted by the devil after forty days in the wilderness.

At ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN water still is furnished for refugees.

BETHLEHEM, the birthplace of Jesus, has many points of interest: the Three Wise Men; the visit of the Magi; Field of Boaz and Ruth; Church of the Nativity covers the Grotto where the Christ Child was born. The first church was built in the fourth century, destroyed two hundred years later. Justinian rebuilt it in the sixth century; Shepherd's Field where angels brought news to the shepherds of the birth of Jesus.

Nearby is the DEAD SEA, thirteen hundred feet below sea level. The sea has no outlet and is fed by the Jordan River. It's about forty-seven miles long, seventeen miles across. Each one hundred pounds of water contains twenty to twenty-eight pounds of salt. Some fish and lower

life exist. It is thought the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah lie covered up deep beneath the southern end of the sea. QUAMRAN CAVES are eight miles from where Jesus was baptized. These are where the Dead Sea parchment scrolls dating about 100 B.C. were found in the caves.

JERUSALEM AND AREA. The Moslem Dome of the Rock dominates the city. It is believed to have been built on Mt. Moriah. Masonry, as a lodge, was organized in a small cavern about fifteen feet square beneath the Rock by King Solomon. In 1918 thirty-two Masons held a meeting in this room. It is believed Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son on this mountain. Also at this Moslem place of worship it is believed Mohammed ascended into heaven. Outside the wall is GETHSEMANE where Jesus had his agony and the MOUNT OF OLIVES where Jesus spent time in prayer.

Ruth and I went into the Dome of the Rock after removing our shoes. Inside it was quite impressive. Moslems wash their feet, hands and arms previous to entering the place of worship.

The TOMB is in the general area as well as GOLGOTHA where Jesus was crucified; also, the ROCK OF AGONY and prayer on the night of his betrayal and arrest.

The WAY OF THE CROSS with fourteen stations, and the WAILING WALL where men and women pray at different sections of the wall. This is the only portion of the wall remaining that surrounded Solomon's Temple.

There is a J. F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL AND CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE. Catholics believe this to be the Tomb of Jesus.

All through my life I had wanted to go to the Holy Land. I had always said that if I could only visit one place, it would be the Holy Land. It was a long-desired dream come true for both Ruth and me. The trip made the Bible come alive and much more realistic for me.

We returned home the same route as we had taken at the beginning.

We rested for a short time at home, then took off again, still in 1972. This time to see the western part of the United States again and southwestern Canada.

We went via Illinois and Iowa. We saw the Cow Palace in South Da-Kota; a building constructed of ears of corn, with nursery rhymes made of corn. There was a doll house near the Palace involving all kinds and sizes of dolls.

Near the city of Bismarck, North Dakota, was the INTERNATIONAL PEACE GARDEN. The arts are performed here each year in the summer. A place that is used as a testing ground or evaluation center to

help children and young people who have talent or abilities to develop such qualities. The grounds cover over two thousand acres and straddle the U.S. and Canadian border. Each country contributes to its maintenance. They have children from many foreign countries. The Gardens are fantastically beautiful.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, has a beautiful National Museum.

LAKE LOUISE between Alberta and British Columbia is exceptionally outstanding and a much-desired vacation spot. The beautiful hotel at the head of a picturesque gorge in the mountains mirrors the lake and makes a picture to delight anyone.

DRY LAKE, WASHINGTON. Here an entire lake had dried up.

GRAND COULEE DAM. One of many dams we saw, some with ladders to accommodate spawning fish.

GOLDEN SPIKE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SITE at Provo, Utah. This was indeed an interesting part of the trip to see where the two trains met, one from the east and one from the west.

GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH, which has the world's fastest speedway. The "Monster" at the Great Salt Lake can operate on land or sea, so we took a ride into the lake. The city of Salt Lake also has International Gardens, the state capitol, illuminated Rotunda Temple, Sea Gull Monument, all worth seeing.

In COLORADO, the Dinosauer National Monument, with its split Gorge, Continental Divide, Estes State Park, Air Force Academy and its church and chapel, and snow-capped Pike's Peak.

In MISSOURI with its Cliff Dwelling Museum and Truman Library. At Hannibal, Missouri, the Mark Twain Museum and Twain's boyhood home.

In Indiana we stopped at Santa Claus Land, also saw Santa's train and Indian Village.

Once again we returned home.

On October 10, 1973, we again started out to see more of our country. This was our Ozark Trip. We headed through Indiana, Illinois and into Missouri.

At EUREKA, MISSOURI, the Black Madonna was said to be a painting by St. Luke of the Madonna and Child. The Turks attempted to destroy the picture with their swords and burn it, but it would not be consumed, only turned black.

At MERAMAC CAVERNS was said to be the hiding place of Jesse

James and his gang. There were some most unusual formations in the cave also.

JEFFERSON CITY, the capital, was quite ornate and certainly a credit to the state.

At COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, the University of Missouri.

At TABLE ROCK LAKE a scenic view. It is eighty miles long with a shore line of 857 miles, stretching into both Missouri and Arkansas.

At BRONSON, MISSOURI, we saw "Shepherd of the Hills," a play from the book of the same name. It was an outdoor amphitheater and after seeing about three-fourths of the play we had the skies opened up on us and water poured on the crowd. There were a lot of wet people there. It was a real good show to that point.

SILVER DOLLAR CITY. Here there are attractions for everyone. Arts and crafts galore. All kinds of entertainment. One incident I recall quite vividly was at the "Frontier Saloon" where peanuts and Pepsicola were served only. One of the chorus girls came down into the audience and gave me an unexpected kiss. Of course I had to give it back!

At EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, was a super large sixty-five foot "Christ of the Ozarks" and the Passion Play was performed near by. The city itself is on a mountain side.

LITTLE ROCK, the capital, was interesting; also the WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL TOMB, and statues that were at his home in CLAREMORE.

The oil wells on the capitol grounds at OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA, and Bacone College at Bacone, Oklahoma, were interesting.

The ORAL ROBERTS UNIVERSITY, Medicine Lodge, old stockade and Old Cowboy Hall of Fame, all at Tulsa.

At DODGE CITY, KANSAS, the largest hand-dug well in the world and Pallesite meteorite, largest ever found.

At ABILENE, KANSAS, Eisenhower Museum, Hickok House, Chapel, Railroad Station and Stage Coach were historic sights to see and enjoy.

In December of 1975 we decided to spend Christmas and New Years with Sharon and her family in Buttsbach, Germany in the Frankfort area. They lived on the Army base there. We flew via New York City, stopping to refuel and shop at Shannon, Ireland, then on to Frankfort and the base.

Christmas on the base was observed, of course, pretty much the same

as in the United States. There were a lot of people on the base and many soldiers had their families there with them, so there were a lot of in and out activities and excitement. A lot of good will and of course gift exchanging. We saw Mary, our son-in-law's sister from Arkansas, and she was at the house several times. Two holidays meant many parties. We went to FULDA, GERMANY, the home of the first Christmas tree.

We were there about four weeks and then returned home. Upon our return we found we were iced out and snowed out of our home, and we couldn't get the car off the highway until we shoveled some snow off the highway and out of the driveway. The collection of four weeks of ice and snow was heavy.

In the autumn of 1976 during hay fever time, we headed north via Michigan to JAMES BAY, ONTARIO. We followed the east shore of Lake Huron north as far as COCHRANE, ONTARIO, where the highway ended. From there we went on an excursion train north to MOOSENEE, ONTARIO, on James Bay. The train was called "The Polar Bear Express." From Moosenee we took a boat to an island. On this island was the settlement of MOOSEFACTORY. The boat was operated by an Indian. The bay was rough. It was also rainy and cold, but we made it.

Moosefactory was an old HUDSON BAY FUR TRADING POST of many years ago. The Cree Indians had a little church there and sermons were still given in the Cree language.

There was a hotel and place to eat at Moosenee. The express train was quite comfortable and we understood the train hauled timber south as wagon roads were non-existent. Once you left Cochrane you had two hundred miles of heavy timberland to pass through and no civilization until you reached Moosenee.

At WAWA, ONTARIO, there was a park and a Pioneer Museum; at GODERICH was the Huron Historic Jail.

We went westward on our return through THUNDER BAY and then south through Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois.

In IOWA we found an arts and crafts show at McGregor, Spook Cave and riverboats.

In WISCONSIN, Crystal Cave; Spring Valley.

At PRAIRIE DU CHIEN. This city is at the confluence of the Wisconsin River and the Mississippi River. There is also an old fort there and we did get to see a rodeo.

In Illinois we saw a museum at MENDOTA and the birthplace of U. S. Grant at GALENA.

We made many lesser trips that are not recorded. We never gave ourselves a goal of so many miles to be made a day. We took places and sights as they came, trying not to miss anything we thought we might be interested in. Sometimes there would be something that appeared on a road sign that would prove to be of much interest to see and was really worthwhile.

WHO CAN FORGET (continued) —

— the perfect Easter Sunday circa 1970 when all of our families were together for the day? This was at the cottage. It was such a warm sunshiny day and cameras were clicking. It was a day I'll always remember. Since that time we have added one grandchild, David, to Paul's and Trudy's family.

— our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and the calls, cards, etc.? We discussed and turned our attention to a possible 50th anniversary in 1984.

— when our children had a 70th birthday party for me at the home of Beverly and John? It was a total surprise. Paul and his family came up from Kentucky and Sharon flew all the way from Germany to be here. I pride myself by thinking I know most things that involve me. Yet I never realized such a wonderful surprise was being formulated and I thank Beverly and everyone for it.

— the summer we built the ranch house and the close call Ruth had when me moved the organ from the brick house to the new house? We were moving it with the little tractor and trailer. Ruth tried to steady it in the trailer when in going down the hill I ran over a grass covered offset and the organ almost fell over on her. It was an antique organ and quite heavy.

— the trips we made to Scott Air Force Base, especially the time that Sharon and Dean were married? The staying all night there, the many arrangements to be made, the Daults being there and the "Coat of Many Colors." The shyness of part of the wedding party, but overshadowing all, the beauty of the ceremony. The coat was of many wild colors and every man wanted to wear it.

— the winter we spent in the old brick house, heating only with portable kerosene oil heaters and small electric heaters?

— my retirement from the Post Office Department and the gang that came to the party with their good wishes and beautiful gifts?

— Ruth's retirement from the Internal Revenue Service? The nice farewell party that was given her by her co-workers.

— how proud and important our children felt the times I took them out alone for their birthday dinner?

— Paul's trip with me when I went down into Kentucky and Tennessee on business for the Department and Paul discovered the joy and pleasure of the open-faced sandwich? He was willing to sit in the car while I transacted my business in the post offices.

— the time in 1949 that I had a ruptured appendix? How nice of Paul De Maria who loaned me his television and there weren't too many of them at that time. I can't forget the one hundred forty-four penicillin shots I took before they felt they could operate. Doctors said I owed my life to penicillin and God. While I was convalescing six weeks, the idea came to me to start a travel file on all states in our country and several foreign countries. It not only gave me something to do but proved helpful to me and others later while checking for vacations.

— the time the ambulance took me up Park Avenue in Elsmere heading for the hospital? I looked out the window and saw little Beverly running along beside the ambulance. She was wondering what had happened to her Daddy.

— the time in the Christmas rush and running into Cleveland in a mail car on the Lake Shore (New York Central) when I had zipper trouble?

A fellow worker, who was slightly inebriated, insisted on helping me fix my zipper so I could get off the train at Cleveland. Time was of the essence and every time I would send him away to some other part of the car, someone would say to him, "Why don't you help Maxie?" Then it would start all over again. The boys in the car had a ball and from that time on my name was "Mr. Zippie."

— how I hated to turn my daughters over to two young men for the rest of their lives? I'm fortunate; I have three in-laws and they are all making their spouses happy, I'm sure. John, Dean and Trudy, I salute you.

— the times I flew to Los Angeles while Beverly was stationed there? With her little car she took me all over the city to see the sights. She also took me to several landmarks up and down the coast from Los Angeles. I saw Knotts Berry Farm, several missions along the coast, Disneyland, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Grauman's, Capistrano, Sea World, Greek Theater, Marine Land, Farmers Market, Mexican Quarters and sundry other places of interest. To top it off, while there one time I had a birthday and Beverly and her house roommates had a party for me.

— the many prayers, visits, phone calls, flowers and cards tendered me when I was in the hospital in 1978?

— to thank God for Ruth and I having healthy babies who grew up to be a credit to us?

— the nostalgia generated by the sale of the brick house and the remainder of the farming land? The family had held it for a good many years.

—the faithfulness of friends like Edward and Dale Trostel over more than fifty years? They have written me or called me and we have been in contact, one with another, all that time. I cannot recall a single time when our friendship was even threatened.

— the Strong brothers, George and Hugh, who always found a place for me to work and never demanded more than I could deliver?

— my attempt to be an insurance agent while I was teaching my first year? The Peoples Life Insurance Company of Frankfort, Indiana, furnished me with the necessary supplies, but I couldn't sell a single policy. Thus ended my first business venture. At least it was evident my life's livelihood wasn't in the area of salesmanship.

— the wistful look of a trout prepared for my dinner at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia? It was my first and last look at a fish cooked with its head on and eyes open.

— how nice our grandchildren, Sherri Jo and Gary, acted on our trip in Europe in a Volkswagen? With four adults and two children, it must have been at times most uncomfortable for them. Without a whimper they sat as requested and never fussed.

— the wonderful day of September 18, 1977, when we held our St. Joe High School Reunion at the Conservation Club near St. Joe? We had a rainy noon hour but people came and set a record attendance. Perhaps the collecting of all our Senior Class pictures contributed to the interest. The tribute paid the officers by a standing ovation will not be forgotten. I hope we deserved it!

— the songs "Beyond the Sunset" and "Near To the Heart of God" as sung by the ladies at the Coburn Corners Church at the funerals of Dad in 1930 and Mother in 1948?

— Grandmother Oberholtzer's featherbed? It almost encircled you on a cold night when the weather was too bad for me to walk the two miles home. It really was cozy. Grandma always had a good supply of cookies available.

— Granddad's graphophone? It had a very large bell and played on a cylinder. It was always a treat to hear songs by Ernie Hare, and Sousa's many marches, all quite popular. He always had an extra dime for me. A very common remark of his was, "Barbara, give the deacon a dime." It still rings in my ears.

— Sport, my first dog, as a child? He was a short-haired, brown-spotted dog and not a purebred by any means. I was quite small but a favorite action of mine was to cut patterns out of a newspaper and try to fit them on him. He would soon get tired and scoot under the porch where I couldn't get to him, except with a water hose type sprayer.

— my second dog named Buster? I had a little farm wagon with shafts and I made a harness for him out of binder twine that I pulled out of the straw stack behind the barn. I tried to get him to pull the wagon after I fastened him to the shafts. He, too, would rebel and run under the porch.

— the only time I tried smoking? I was in high school and I decided to try it out with a cigar. The experiment was a total failure and I never tried smoking again. It made me terribly sick.

— the older children in school at Cornell keeping me supplied with "goodies"? From the boys I received apples and from the girls cake, cookies and homemade candy.

— the large butternut tree by the well near the barn? Dad put me up a rope swing from a high limb of this tree. Under this same tree I had to pump drinking water for both cows and horses.

— the revivals at the church? We would try to go every night for the entire week. Usually a preacher would be brought in from some other church to hold the meeting. I usually became very sleepy and slept on Mother's lap on the trip home in the horse and buggy.

— the visiting day on the farm? Since the farmers and their wives worked six full days of the week, Sunday was the day to receive company or to make visits. Always the main topic was discussing crops by the men and gardening, family, sewing, quilting, etc., by the ladies. Perhaps a little bit of gossip now and then. Toys were not plentiful. Girls would probably play with dolls, doll houses, bake mud pies, or make believe mothers or anything connected with the housewife of those days. Boys would likely play ball, tree tag, regular tag, wrestle, play with the dog or any other domestic animal, or play darebase. In both cases of boys and girls, innovation, imagination, make believe and "just pretend" were important factors. As children became older there were less clear-cut differences between boys and girls in their entertainments.

— going barefoot in the summer? My feet would be tender after having shoes on all winter, so my first barefoot days were rough. I couldn't step on stones or stubble until my feet were toughened. Sometimes I might step on a bumble bee or some thistles and that WAS bad.

— my first car? It was a second-hand Model T Ford touring car and it cost me $80.00. There were no tests or driver licenses at that time.

— my second car? It was a second-hand Chevie coupe. I painted it birdsegg blue and that was a mistake. With that color people knew of my whereabouts all the time.

— the arrival of Paul? I was home with the two girls awaiting a call from the hospital as to the birth of the third child. The hospital called and said we had another girl. A short time later they called again and said they had made a mistake, that we did have a boy.

— the birth of Sharon? We lived in East Toledo which is separated from West Toledo by the Maumee River. To get across there was a drawbridge joining the two sides. We took off, as Ruth felt the early pains, and headed for the hospital. We raced down to the river only to find the drawbridge up letting a tanker through. We sweat and prayed for it to be let down. Every minute seemed an eternity. Finally we did get across and Sharon was born.

— Beverly arriving at the St. Vincent Hospital in Toledo? I was sitting in the waiting room awaiting the arrival of our first born, Beverly, and must have been nervous. A nun came up to me and asked me if I would help her hang some pictures. I readily accepted and some time later word came that Beverly was born. I had never seen a new-born baby and I was quite shocked. I noted the shape of her head and it looked quite pointed to me. I reluctantly asked Ruth and the nurse if Beverly would grow up looking that way. They explained that babies most always "shaped up," that the head was shaped by the doctor. She turned out to be quite a "level headed" daughter.

— my year in the rabbit business as a child? As a lad I liked little rabbits very much and decided to raise some. That summer I had around fifty little ones of varying sizes when they started dying. I lost all of them within a very short time. People told me they had a disease called streptococcus. I was a sorrowful lad and I never tried again.

— Mom and Dad buying an upright victrola, a "Sonora"? It was bought from Mr. Hadsell at Hicksville. That was a big investment but it brought a lot of pleasure. It also was an introduction to Hawaiian music. We changed needles for every record.

— Mother teaching me when little to iron handkerchiefs, pillow slips,

and later to press trousers. The pressing came in quite handy in later years as I was in a position at times of having to do my own pressing.

— the little verse quoted at Muncie at school? A few days before the end of the term and we were getting ready to return to our homes, you might hear:

"Two more days of slow starvation
till we meet at the traction station
No more meat — no more hash
No more college girls to mash."

Of course, at that time there was available interurban service between urban cities such as Muncie, Fort Wayne, Auburn, Kendallville and Waterloo. (Note: the interurban car was larger than a street car, ran with a trolley line and on a track. It was also speedier than a street car. It hauled some mail as well as passengers.)

— Ruth encouraging me to take dancing lessons when we were going together? There was a dancing studio in Cincinnati called the "Pep Golden Studio." From this school had graduated quite a well-known young dancer, Hal Leroy. I went through one of the biggest (at that time) problems of my life. I walked by the studio many times before I could make up my mind to enter and sign up.

I took a few lessons and Ruth asked me how well I was doing. In telling her all about the lessons, I also said a little about the dancing instructor who had been assigned to me. Ruth, for some reason, decided she really didn't care if I gave up the lessons.

Who knows? I might have been another dancer like, or even greater than, Hal Leroy.

— the trips I made for the Post Office Department on business? Contacting postmasters, giving examinations to clerks, trying to sell new ideas that were to be put in use out in the field. Meeting new people in the southern part of Kentucky and the friends made. They really rolled out the red carpet for me.

— Doris Shull Stuck and I picking strawberries for Granddad Oberholtzer? Once in a while I would throw a berry at Doris and by the time she looked up I would be busy picking again.

— the time Edward Kimes and I caught two large carp on an outline in the St. Joe River? We were so proud as we walked down the road carrying the fish.

— the punishment Mother would mete out to me? She usually made

me sit on a chair in the corner of the kitchen, near a door. Just above this door hung a peach sprout that was to remind me not to break regulations again. It must have been effective as I don't recall her ever using it.

— weaning a little calf from its mother? Dad would straddle the calf, back it into a corner where it couldn't get away, stick his finger in the calf's mouth and push its nose down into a bucket of milk. My job was to hold the bucket. The calf would thrash around and try to get free. Sometimes the bucket was knocked out of my hands or spilled down my trousers onto my feet. The idea was that the calf would suck the finger, taste the milk, and then be off on its own and weaned.

— the Bader Business College at Covington, Kentucky? I took typing, Gregg shorthand and bookkeeping. I thought perhaps I could use them someplace, sometime, somehow.

— my courses at Northern State Teachers College at Marquette, Michigan? While I was teaching at Cornell, I took a course in psychology and American history in absentia. Also at the same time a couple of courses in civil service.

— the miles of pulpwood cut in winter and lined up at Rudyard to be stripped of bark later and shipped to the paper mills?

— the "Training for Service" taught by Minnie Gee at Coburn Corners church? Several of us took the course and it was interesting and beneficial.

— the crystal set someone gave me before radio? I sat and put in considerable time moving the little "whisker" around trying to pick up a few notes or a few words.

— the patch of buckwheat that we raised north of the brick house where the ranch presently stands? The grain would ripen and be threshed and taken to the mill for grinding into flour. There is no substitute for one hundred percent buckwheat cakes.

— the raising of broom corn on the river bottom and getting it up the big hill?

— the game of tree tag at Cheesetown School? At recess and noon there would be a grand rush to secure a tree for one's self. The one unable to secure a tree would try to steal one as we would make exchanges of trees.

— the first radio? A three-dial, rectangular box type affair with a loud speaker setting on top the box. To get the best available reception you had to turn each dial until they were synchronized. A station at Schen-

ectady, New York, and KDKA at Pittsburgh were early stations.

— stopping at a small town in Italy for toilet reasons? Sherri Jo going into a men's toilet by mistake. Her mother had gone in another direction for food and Sherri drew promises from the rest of us that we would not tell her mother about what she had done. As her mother came back to the car, before she was even near, Sherri shouted, "Hey Mom, I was in the men's toilet."

— how deathly sick Sharon was at Garmish for a few days? We were here a week by a beautiful lake in the upper Bavarian Alps. We were quite concerned about her being so far from home. She soon threw it off.

— crossing the Alps from Italy to Germany? There were two routes available to cross via Switzerland. One was by tunnel, and the other way was over the top and through passes. We decided to go over the top. We stopped at one place and had a snowball fight. The food in Switzerland was excellent, especially their "schnitzel." The mountains were beautiful.

— the time in Italy when we stopped for one particular night? We were all very tired from riding and stopped in an area that was quite wooded to look for a place for the night.

The accommodations lacked a lot of being modern. The cabin was just large enough for a cot on each side of the door and one elevated across the back. All facilities for shaving, washing and toilets were communal. We were tired, it was late, and the beds looked clean so we took the two cabins.

How everyone laughed at me when I tried to sneak an empty wine bottle into the cabin and I dropped it and the next door campers from England all turned and saw me.

However, the beds were clean and we did survive and slept good. For further details consult Sharon.

— our stop at the Leaning Tower in Pisa, Italy? After a careful look at the degree of lean, Sharon and I decided it just wasn't worth OUR climbing. The rest went to the top.

— Ruth and I in West Berlin? After sight-seeing all day, we decided to return to the hotel for the night. The name of the hotel was the "Alterhaus." We hailed a cab and jumped in. I turned to the driver and said, "Alterhaus." He looked at me but didn't seem to know what I was saying. Having a little idea of the deep bass guttural voice of some of the German men, I summoned my very lowest bass and repeated it with all I had at my command. He smiled and understood. Then after

all that we had only been a couple blocks away from the hotel. We all laughed.

— the West Berlin Zoo that ranks quite high world wise? Again we took a cab and told the driver we wanted the zoo. He didn't understand so I said zoo-ZOO. He smiled knowingly and took us to the railroad station! He thought we meant choo-choo! All three of us had a good laugh over that. It was lucky for us that Ruth knew the word aquarium was the same in both German and English and their aquarium was located at the zoo.

— another time when we sought lodging in Italy? We were DOG-TIRED and couldn't seem to find a place. It was late enough that lights were on everywhere. Finally, as we neared a small city, an electric sign hung high over a well-lighted residence with the word "Pension" indicating a lodging or boarding house. There was a fence around the place and of course a nice gate in front. We stopped at the gate and I rang a bell. A man came out and I tried to tell him what we wanted by holding my hand up about head high, showing four fingers, then lowering my hand and indicating two fingers. In other words, four adults and two children. We worked on that for a while but were getting no place. Then Ruth happened to look at the sign again and saw the word "carney" meaning "dog." We were at a dog boarding house! About that time several dogs had made their presence known by excessive barking. We all had a good laugh. Probably the keeper thought those were very high dogs the way I gesticulated.

— the trip down the Rhine River to Koblenz? Sharon, Dean, Ruth and I took a bus at the Army base. We saw many beautiful castles on the high cliffs on the banks of the river including Lorelei Rock, said to have lured many sailors to their death by a siren singing from the rock. Koblenz was having a festival with many activities on the Rhine including one called "The Rhine Aflame." Brother Roy was stationed at Koblenz in the army of occupation after World War One.

— the feeling we had in West Berlin as we stood in the stadium where Hitler had snubbed Jesse Owens, the runner in the Olympics?

— the speed and efficiency of the underground metro system of travel? London, Paris and Berlin all used the system.

—Beanbelly Betz's Restaurant in St. Joe when I was in the grades? Sometimes at noon I would go to the restaurant and there would be a salesman giving a lunch order. I thought how wonderful it would be to sit down and give an order for just what you liked. I wondered then if I would ever be able to do this. The man who had the restaurant was very portly, possibly as much as three hundred pounds. He was barely

able to walk between the counter and the side of the building. The kids teased him a lot and one Halloween the four wheels and frame of a buggy were put on the roof of his restaurant. Many a child, clutching a penny or nickel in their hand, gazed through the large glass counter to see how much his coin would buy of either chewing gum or candy.

— pitching the cured hay up in the mow from the wagon? It was my job to tramp the hay down in order to get more in the mow. This was especially bad when the hay was high enough that my head could very well, and did at times, hit the rafters. Also in that hay at times were dried cured thistles with their barbed needles to break off in your skin.

— the hay fever and asthma I had for several years during my childhood and early manhood? I was born in October and the very next year in August the hay fever came. I tried many medicines and remedies but any relief was only temporary. To jack-knife my body made breathing easier, so I would go to bed, stay on my knees and eventually fall asleep and tip over on my side. As of today I still have some hay fever and the asthma exists to a very small degree.

— having my tonsils and adenoids removed at about five years of age? I resisted having the hospital gown put on me and rammed my foot and leg through the gown.

— hunting for eggs under the barn that was open under the horse stable? The hens seemed to know it was hard for me to lie down and wiggle on my stomach back to where the eggs had been laid.

— the hitching post by the road in front of the house to which people could tie their horses while visiting us?

— hunting for guinea nests and eggs around fence rows and grass areas? They liked to hide them until they laid their eggs and hatched their babies.

— bringing downstairs and airing out in the yard comforters, quilts, winter clothes, etc.? During the winter they had been stored in the dark corner closet upstairs. This was done on the first real warm airy day in spring, this in the brick house.

— the Thanksgiving Party in 1977? This was upon my return from the hospital. Most all of my immediate family were there.

— the day we were to visit Damascus on the Holy Land trip? We started early in the morning on the bus and we found as we entered the mountains in Syria that there had been snow during the night. For safety sake they decided to turn around on a very narrow road or ledge on the side of the mountain. With the large bus you could only saw back and forth a few feet at a time. Finally we were turned around. I

told the group on the bus that my hair had been black when I left in the morning but now it's snow white after making that turnaround.

— the wonderful "Gospel Sings" at the Taft Auditorium in Cincinnati, Ohio? Appearances by Blue Ridge Boys, Prophets, Weatherbys, The Gospel Singing Caravan, Johnson Sisters and La Feveres, etc.

— following the horse-drawn binder around the field and cutting wheat or oats? I was quite intrigued with the way the machine cut, elevated, shaped the bundles, tied a knot in a string around the bundle, then automatically kicked the bundle out.

— Dr. Barton S. Sheffer who had a drug store at St. Joe? He was also the doctor at my birth.

At school the teacher told us to go to the drug store some time and ask Dr. Sheffer to let us smell some "asafetida." That noon several of us went downtown to the store, and were we surprised. Have you ever smelled the drug?

— prior to and for some time after our marriage, Ruth frequently having fainting spells? I was very much alarmed over these spells and became quite a hand at administering first aid and bringing her out of the spell. After the birth of our first child, she was entirely all right.

— the tiddly-winks games I had with Jason Goodrich at the same rooming house in Muncie? We played for the championship of the house and the title changed back and forth.

— my sorrow at the death of Jason Goodrich. After completion of our term at Muncie, each of us went our own way. Many times I said I would like to see Jason again and many times I put it off. Finally I went to Logansport which was his home town. I stopped at a house to inquire where the Goodrich farm was located. A person came to the door and told me where the farm was located and that Jason had passed away with a brain tumor some six months back. It was a lesson I had learned too late!

— the ladies in our little close group on the Holy Land tour? They weren't big eaters and turned over to me their extra food and drink sometimes. Especially Espresso and at the captain's party their shish-kebab and caviar.

— when the barn was full of hay and grain? We would stack it on the outside in such a manner that it would repel and shed the rain water until such time as the grain was threshed or the hay was baled.

— Mother's hotbed where she grew her own plants of celery, cabbage, peppers, tomatoes, etc.?

A hole was dug in the ground about five feet wide and seven feet long and three or four feet deep. This was lined with boards to extend about fifteen inches above the ground. The hole would be filled with well-rotted manure from the stables to within several inches from the top. The manure was well-packed, then good rich soil was placed on top for four or five inches. It was then ready for seeding. Glass windows were placed over the top for the sun to shine through and generate heat. The manure also produced heat. To water, just lift up the window panes.

— on my way home from Cornell after my teaching term was ended? I had my blue Chevie and came south along Lake Michigan and arrived at Des Plaines, Illinois, quite late at night. I was tired and didn't feel I could drive much longer. So I pulled up to the curb in the downtown area, rolled my windows up and proceeded to go to sleep. Sometime later a strong light was flashed through the window and there was pounding on the glass. It was the police. They questioned me quite extensively. After assuring them I was a teacher returning home, I was released. They told me where I could go and park for the remainder of the night without being molested.

— when the church purchased the land, about an acre or so, where my old Cheesetown School still stands? It is directly across Highway 101 from the Alton Cemetery, one of the oldest in the county. Presently my mother, father and brother, Roy, and his wife, Stella, are buried here.

— the church permitting the young people to use the old schoolhouse for an entertainment center occasionally? We played party games such as "Old Dan Tucker," "Happy is the Miller Boy," "Little Red Wagon Painted Blue," etc.

— my judging of talent at the Crescent Springs, Kentucky School? I was there as a guest of a girl friend but I didn't know anyone there except the sister of my girl friend. One of the judges failed to show up so I was drafted to replace her. For some time after this I was called "judge" by my co-workers.

— the special present Sharon received on the day of her birth? Sears-Roebuck celebrated their sixth anniversary in Toledo, Ohio, and gave presents on June 6, 1940, to anyone born on that day, married that day or celebrated their sixth birthday. The present was a beautiful complete layette for Sharon.

— my first and only remembered spanking? Out back of the barn near the strawstack I started a fire with matches I had sneaked out of the house. Mother taking care of the chickens saw me doing it and re-

ported to Dad when he came home at night. I can almost feel that spanking yet.

— digging sassafras in the early spring for making tea out of the bark of the roots? It was said to have a "tonic" value.

— Tommy Abel, the rural mail carrier, as he passed our house in a horse and buggy in the early spring as the frost was going out of the ground?

Some days it would be nearly dark when he went by as we were near the end of the route. The narrow rimmed buggy wheels would sink almost to the hub in the mud. Tommy was about the first one in the area to own an automobile. Roads and weather conditions determined how much or how little he could use the auto on his route.

— Dad and I getting up real early before daylight and driving the Maxwell to Crooked Lake to fish? We wanted to be out on the lake at daybreak. It was a peaceful place to be and Dad thought it was a time the fish fed.

— when Paul and I visited Nashville, Tennessee? On a trip Paul and I stopped at Nashville to visit the capitol. We went in the waiting room at the Governor's Office. After a few minutes an attractive lady came out of the office and approached us and she turned to Paul and said: "Would you like to be the Governor of Tennessee?" Naturally he said he would like it. She took him into the Governor's office, closed the door, and his poor Dad cooled his heels outside! When he came out, he said he sat in the Governor's chair, used the official seal, and the Governor told him how important the Maxwell name was in that state. Naturally, Paul was quite impressed as I would have been had I been given the same opportunity!

— my experience squirrel hunting? Dell Nelson came to our place when I was little and took me back to the woods to hunt squirrels. We spied one in the top of a tall tree so he shot at it. It fell down through the tree to the ground. When it hit the ground, I hurried and picked it up by the tail. It flipped and turned itself up and bit me on the index finger, and I was really scared. Dell took some wet leaves and wrapped them around the finger that was slightly bleeding and we headed home.

— turning the grindstone? We had a stand or frame that held the stone that was about eighteen inches in diameter and two inches thick. You could turn the stone with your foot by sitting on the end of the stand, or, unhook it and the second party could hand turn the stone. This stone was used to sharpen the scythe blade, the knives on the cutter bar of the horse-drawn mower, or knives, chisels, axes, etc. The person doing the sharpening could exert pressure at the stone until you could barely

turn the wheel. It was my job to do the turning. Sometimes my arms and shoulders ached.

— the time and occasion I was frisked? Ruth and I were returning from the Holy Land and we landed in Athens, Greece, to change planes from Cyprus to KLM-747, Holland. We had a short layover in Athens and I walked around the airport just to pass the time. Our 747 came in and we started for the gate to go out and board. All of us were checked. As I passed through the gate the buzzer went off. They went on the alert and pulled me out of the line to find what I had on me that triggered the buzzer. It turned out the metal on my camera (in my coat pocket) had set off the alarm. For a few minutes I was quite concerned.

— working in the pickle business? As a lad I put out a quarter of an acre of cucumbers on contract to be raised and delivered to St. Joe where a Fort Wayne firm had a receiving station. (It is understood that they are cucumbers until they are processed.)

We harvested the cucumbers and took them to the plant at St. Joe where a machine graded them into sizes, removed the "nubs" or over-size seedy ones. They were then put into mammoth vats, according to size, and salted down in a brine and left to be processed weeks or months later. Different sizes paid different prices.

One year Dad and I took over the receiving station at St. Joe and did the grading, salting and buying for the company.

Ralph Sechler of St. Joe then took over the processing and I worked for him. This job was to process the cucumbers into many kinds of pickles: dills, sweets, sours, mixed, orange strips, etc.

Ralph also had a receiving plant at Edgerton, Ohio, and Hamilton, Indiana, where I worked as the need required, riding to work with George Tustison.

Today Ralph is gone and his son, Franklyn, runs a big business here at St. Joe. He receives and processes and has expanded to include peppers, cauliflower and onions. Many new recipes for pickling have been generated and tested and proven successful.

Picking of cucumbers is now done with a machine. He has large vans and delivers his products all over the country. He maintains a year-around labor force. They can put the cucumbers in brine and when winter comes, they can process those raised several months before.

I remember especially sorting "dills" at Hamilton. I would remove the barrelhead, remove the dills with a fish net, place them on a table for sorting out the bloaters. As the bloaters were waste I would take

a bite out of each one as I was tossing it away. Needless to say, I never was very hungry noon or night.

— a cold honeymoon? Although it was August when we were on our honeymoon, we were totally unprepared for the chilly and cool weather we found up north at the straits and in Upper Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. So we added several articles of heavier clothing to our wardrobe.

— my first taste of snails? I had always thought the snail to be the most unsavory, unappetizing, ugly of foods. Just to think of them was abhorring. While in Germany a group of us went out to eat together in a little darkened place where the musician passed from table to table playing your requests. My son-in-law, Dean, ordered snails. The others started daring me to just try them. Since it was quite dark in the room I thought possibly if I couldn't see them too well, I might make it. Well — they weren't too bad!

— my water bearers? When I was working for George and Hugh Strong across the river, I spent quite a bit of time working on the bottoms along the river that were possibly a quarter-mile or so from the Strong home. Sometimes LuReign would send Harry and Alice, the twins, down the long lane with a little bucket of fresh water for me to drink. They were quite little and I would see them coming down the lane, swinging the bucket between them, stopping to examine this or that along the way. By the time they arrived where I was working, the water would be warm and often had weed seed floating on it. I didn't mind at all, they were a mighty cute pair. They are still great people.

— my side partners at Muncie? For two classes we were seated alphabetically. Sitting on one side of me Beryl Merriman and on the other side Geneva Matthews. It made the classes more bearable.

— the making of a champion? When Paul was little, he and I would go down into the basement and have our ping-pong competition. He was still short enough he couldn't reach over the table but would have to run around the table to meet the serves. I would serve in the hardest spots to get to and he did his best, sometimes tears would be dropping, he felt so frustrated. He kept at it and when he was on the Air Force base in Nova Scotia, he was runner-up for the championship. He excelled me many years ago. My children were the happiest when they came to the place they could beat me, whether it be checkers, dominoes, Old Maid, lawn tenins, croquet or card games.

— my earliest musical attempt? In the front room or parlor of the brick house was the organ. My folks decided to have Opal Miller Coburn give me organ lessons. She came each Thursday in a horse and buggy

and tied up the horse to the hitching post by the road. She impressed upon my mother the necessity of an hour a day for uninterrupted practice, but I never went very far in my music. You see, I sat by the window and I could see Edward Kimes down the road next door out in the open playing and having what I thought was a lot of fun. At least he was out where I also wanted to be.

— using the sun to dry fruit? Mother would pare, core and quarter apples for drying. Dad made a wooden tray to place on the roof of the shed when the sun shone. Cheesecloth or some form of netting kept the insects out.

— our envy of one person in high school who came to school in a car of his own? It was a Ford Roadster, single seated, and owned by a fellow classmate, Richard Rupp, of Orangeville. He used to flip it around the corners on two wheels and most of the girls wouldn't ride with him.

— the old horse and buggy? There was a large waterproof storm front that had an isinglass window to see out of and a slot for the lines. This was used in extremely cold or stormy weather and enclosed the front and two sides of the buggy. There was a dashboard front that a lantern could be hung on if you were going out at night. We seldom used the lantern as you could pretty well depend on the horse and his inner senses to keep on the road, no matter how dark.

— my brother, Roy, leaving for camp in World War I? It was a sad occasion as we stood at the station and heard the B&O train coming to take him away. It stopped at St. Joe momentarily, just long enough to let him on, then the signal was given and he left us for parts unknown. He was sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio, and later to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, then to Germany.

— Dad doing his part in the war effort? He packed his tools and left for several months' work at Norfolk, Virginia, in the shipyards and later to Daytona Beach, Florida. He came back home later with the terrible dengue fever and never did entirely recover from it. It left him with a bad limp.

— Beverly's last trip as a hostess on TWA? I went with her to Los Angeles. Since she was a hostess, part of her job was to look out for the comfort and convenience of her passengers. A mother had her hands full so Beverly brought a little baby girl about a year old and placed her on my lap and told me to "take care of her" for a while. It was fine for a while until she turned her head upward and looked at me, a stranger. Her little face puckered up and she looked so sorrowful and started to fuss. Beverly took her from me and said: "Dad, you're losing your touch."

— my trip to Union City, Indiana? While at Muncie I decided to visit a family at Union City that had lived by us at St. Joe when I was real small. Mr. Brown had ministered some at Coburn Corners Church and had a daughter about my age. When I returned to Muncie, I found my room all roughed up by my fellow schoolmates. Bed was torn down, table upsidedown, books and papers scattered about. This was my "welcoming back" party. I did induce them to help me restore order.

— working for the township? Abner Trostel was trustee of Concord Township and he gave a job to Dale and me to remove brush along the right-of-way on what is now State Road 101. At that time the road crossed the old Hosington Bridge.

— my early interest in "mail"? As a child I was interested in receiving any kind of mail. I answered all kinds of advertisements. I received weekly quotations from fur companies on prices of furs, mail from chicken hatcheries. To this day I spend many hours at my desk keeping up my correspondence with people, some that are away in far places that we met in our travels. I've really enjoyed it all.

— the two large apple orchards near St. Joe? Each covered several acres and people came from considerable distances to get their apples for winter storage. The Reasoner Orchard north of town and the Widney Orchard northeast of town were well-known. I picked some in the Reasoner Orchard for two seasons.

— the dam and grist mill on the St. Joe River at Orangeville, about one mile upstream from our home? The mill was built circa 1830. Also the dam at Spencerville about three miles downstream from our home still exists. Also the Spencerville covered bridge remains.

— the family trip to Robinson Park at Fort Wayne, Indiana? This was the nearest park so we went down a few times to enjoy the activities.

— that records of the church indicate the Coburn Corners Church was organized February 17, 1837, very close to the spot where our present ranchhouse stands? In a "History of the Church of Christ at Coburn's Corners" by Walter H. Coburn, he quotes the following from a history by R. G. Coburn (Russell) whose name appears with that of his father, Ebenezer Coburn, in 1837 in church records:

"The Christian Church at Coburn's Corners was organized on the 17th day of February in the year 1837 by Elder Benjamin Alton, who was the first minister of the Gospel to locate in DeKalb County and who preached the first sermon ever preached in the County, and the Church here at Coburn's Corners was the first Church of any denomination organized in DeKalb County.

"It was organized in the house of Brother Alton, a little log cabin

about 16x20, one and one-half miles north of the corners on the bank of the St. Joe River."

Now back to Walter H. Coburn:

"The lob cabin stood on the farm, now owned by Roy Maxwell just north of the present brick house and near the river."

In 1960 we purchased this farm from Roy E. Maxwell.

— St. Joe as a city of services? In the early nineteen hundreds when I was small, the following businesses can be recalled: hardware and undertaking (same building); three churches, Christian, Lutheran and Methodist; schoolhouse; three groceries; restaurant; train stops both east and west bound (B&O); two barbershops; drugstore; blacksmith shop; livery stable; harness and carriage shop; telephone company office; coal company; two lodges (halls upstairs), Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows; hotel; cream station (in grocery); ladies' hat shop; general merchandise; railroad station; stockyards; butcher shop; news office; post office; cemetery; grist mill; elevator; service with Wabash Railroad west of St. Joe; opera house; saw mill; garage; ice house; doctor; dentist; bank; auctioneer; well drillers; town marshall.

— my experience with an opossum? Edward Kimes and I were walking home from the church in the evening when we heard a noise by the side of the road. This was by the field north of the Wilmot P. Coburn farm. We investigated and found an opossum. He immediately played dead. I don't know why but both of us felt we had to do something about it, and we finally decided to take turns and carry it to one of our homes by the tail. On the way home we decided to put it in our mail box for safe keeping until morning. All this time he was still playing dead.

Can you imagine the mess I found when I lifted the lid of the box next morning? Of course he was sitting up wide awake and full of life.

— how I loved bananas? Mother would get bananas from the huckster when available and I hoped that some day I would be big enough and have enough money to have all the bananas I could eat!

— the time on our Holy Land trip when two ministers made a flattering mistake? Two or three buses had stopped at the same time to view a hallowed spot on a daily tour. Two ministers came up to me and asked me if I were a minister. I told them "no, but I am indeed flattered."

— dumping paint on Ruth? When we lived on Nevada Street in Toledo, I decided to try to paint the house. I was quite allergic to height and this house had high gables. I thought I could discipline myself to do the job.

The cottage next door was very close. To paint the gable on that side I had to place the ladder (extension) between the houses and stand it quite straight. I picked up the gallon of paint and my hook and brush and went up the ladder to the top and painted down as far as I could reach. I left the paint can hanging on the round of the ladder and descended as far as the cottage roof.

I thought I could let the top part of the extension down a little without going to the ground. I started letting the top part down when the gallon of paint hanging on a round caught on the lower part of the ladder, tilted over and poured the paint down the ladder. Ruth happened to be standing in just the right spot and looking up as the paint descended. She had it all over, including her hair. Then to top it off, she had laryngitis and couldn't even yell to me. I've never lived this down.

— the two long rail fences that ran parallel from the barn back to the woods, providing a lane for cattle, horses or machinery? All fields were fenced at that time and entrance to any field was through an opening in the fence.

— what a saving of hard work at haying time when the hay-fork appeared? Instead of having to pitch hay by hand into the mows, the hay was lifted with horses doing the lifting and a great saving of time.

— the St. Joe butcher shop? Butch Buckingham would go into the walk-in cooler and bring out a quarter of beef, place it on the mammoth wooden block and with our instructions cut off meat as desired. The shop had a special aura about it.

— the big hill west of the brick house? It was a very good place to slide down in winter. The big job was to pull the sled back up the hill. I had a homemade sled to haul stove wood up to the house and a city-made sled that could be guided a little either way in flight and it was a beautiful red.

— the wrecking by hand of a couple houses near Cornell, Michigan? We tore them down board by board and timber by timber.

— the year Dad had two or three acres of watermelons north of the barn? We sold some, gave many away, and the frost came and finished off the rest.

— when Ruth and I were alone in Berlin and we went into a restaurant to order food? Neither of us knew German that well but we would pick out two meats on the menu, then wait to see what they brought us. The way I like food we knew that if Ruth didn't like something, I would take it myself.

— the cutting of thistles about every other week out in the field? This went on all summer on a patch of about one-eighth of an acre. They were very bad to have around. There were no herbicides available at that time, although some tried salt on them but that was costly and not very successful.

— mushroom hunting? With warm showers early in April and a hot sun to follow the shower, came mushrooms. As winds carried the spore, stray mushrooms would be found quite scattered. In our area the morel or sponge mushroom was the one that was definitely known to be safe and edible. Many toadstools and some mushrooms were known, and still are, to be poisonous. A definite flavor of its own, there is no substitute for the taste of a fried morel.

— the competition for the porch swing? At college there was only one porch swing for a house full of girl students. Several of my house-mates also dated girls at the same place I did. After a school affair or a party there would be a grand rush to get back to the one and only porch swing. I'm sure Agnes Biery and I had our share of evenings on the squeaky swing but it was still better than having to go inside to the parlor.

— being the only one in my class at school in the country for a couple years I had to do all the reciting?

— the many friendships made in the offices at Toledo, Ohio, in the District 6 Office, at Cincinnati in the District 1 Office, and in the General Superintendent's Office at Cincinnati? They were a great bunch!

— that after entering Civil Service, I considered going into the Post Office Inspection Service or Customs Inspector?

— the spring water by Trostel's house? It was a treat always to dip a tin full of the cool refreshing water that had seeped from the good earth.

— that during World War I, I had what was called a "Victory Garden" to help raise food for the boys over there?

— that I bought thrift stamps or war saving stamps for 25 cents to help win the war? After you bought twenty such stamps, you could exchange them for a larger $5 stamp. At the same time adults were urged to buy War Bonds. Many bond drives were held and prominent people, both local and national, would provide entertainments and functions to keep the sales going.

— taffy pulling in the spring at maple sugar time? I recall it from the parties held when the trees were tapped across the river in Hamilton's grove.

— the ice cream socials we had quite often in strawberry picking

time? Most farmers had a hand freezer and would get ice from the ice house and a group of friends would get together for a "sociable."

— the typical farm and family life in this area during the early 1900's as I recall it? The average farm was under two hundred acres down to just a few acres.

There was a garden, orchard, horses for power, chickens for eggs, meat and barter. Cows for milk, cream, butter, meat and barter. A smattering of ducks, geese and turkeys. Hogs for meat and lard.

They raised corn, oats, wheat, barley and clover or timothy hay, and sometimes sorghum for molasses.

They owned at least one dog, several cats.

They owned a sleigh, cutter or bobsled.

Tools were a walking plow, either right or left handed, spike or spring tooth harrow, pitch forks and a dung fork, grain drill, binder, revolving or dump rake (later a side delivery rake), cream separator, wagon with big box for hauling corn, wheat or oats. The same wagon could be converted to a hay rack and also a gravel dump wagon, a mower for making hay.

Other tools were a grass seeder, single and double shovel plow, corn drill, cultivator, churn, platform scales. Ladies had quilting frames for quilts and comforters.

Articles such as a meat grinder for sausage and the stuffer for sausage, lard press, grain sacks for threshing time. These were often possessed by one farmer in the neighborhood and loaned out to neighbors as they were usually used only once each year. Dad had these to loan.

A buggy or possibly a surrey.

Also hand corn cutter, potato fork or digger, hand grass seeder, grindstone. A corn crib where corn could be stored until sold or fed to animals. A granary to store grains until fed or sold. Crosscut saw, posthole digger, shovel, spade, scythe.

— Jim Rodenbaugh, the auctioneer at St. Joe? About two times a year he came by and tried to sell Mother some woven felt Japanese throw rugs. They were colorful and useful.

— our business with Sears and Montgomery Ward? We bought many things from these two companies in early times. Clothes, household goods, furnishings for the home, etc. Sears even put out a small grocery catalog from which we would occasionally order some special goody. Sunday we would usually make the order, place in mail box Monday and

Wednesday our order would be back from Chicago by noon. This was almost one hundred percent dependable.

— my Aunt Juna Soule of near Spencerville, Indiana, and Uncle Bill Oberholtzer of Butler and their families? They were about all the known close relatives in this area on Mother's side. There were some cousins scattered around however.

— the Senior Class of St. Joe High for 1924? They were: Alice Tustison, Mary Moore, Marie Kinsey, Beulah Schrader, Richard Rupp, Glenn Kinsey, Robert Johnson, Clare Coburn and myself.

— that after the tour of the Holy Land, Ruth and I were asked if we would consider conducting tours ourselves?

— the discovery of the scrolls near the Dead Sea added considerably to what is recorded in the Bible concerning the birth and life of Jesus?

— Chautauqua, New York? This is the home of the lyceum movement for adult education, established in 1874. This was of particular value to the rural areas to learn of the outside world. Our Senior Class brought them to St. Joe as a means of raising funds. A lecturer by the name of Stoddard also published a large book with pictures and went about telling people about our world.

— Fridays at the Cornell School? Every Friday twenty minutes were devoted to fun. Sometimes we sang, sometimes we had games, other times we had a question box, or a discussion. We tried to have something that the little ones could participate in also.

— on our tour of England one of the places we visited was Oxford University? That proved interesting. We did get in to see a classroom. Their methods of teaching were unique.

— my residence in Pittsburgh soon after entering the postal service? Of course the incline was new to me as I used it morning and night. Also the dormitory where both postal clerks and railroad employees slept on a short layover. All were in a large room with very little light, going to bed and arising at different hours. I was there only one night and then I secured a room in Mt. Washington. The snoring in the dorm was overwhelming.

— the Raleigh and Watkins men who went through once or twice a year to sell extracts, remedies, etc.? Mother always liked the vanilla the Watkins man had for sale. Some of it went into homemade ice cream.

— my favorite prayer after the Lord's Prayer? It was and still is "An Evening Prayer," in song.

— Ruth's loyalty to the Reds baseball team? Of course living across

the river from Cincinnati she naturally grew up having her favorite players. She has maintained her loyalty these many years.

— Sylvia Donley who lived second house south of our place? She had a disease that left her a cripple and she could only stand on her feet a little while at a time and could not talk clearly. She liked Mother quite well and sometimes she would flop along in the grass beside the road until she made it to our house. How patient and determined she was to bear up under such a handicap. Being a young kid, I didn't think too much about it then, but now I realize it surely was a burden to her and her family.

— Rose and Elva Wilmot with whom I played when young? They were staying at the Wilmot home next door. The Ella Wilmots were their grandparents.

— Bill Randall, Derwood Ridgway and Lester Pugsley who serviced our two wells? They lived at St. Joe.

— Mother setting up a schedule for her work and pretty well sticking to it? Monday was wash day, Tuesday was ironing day, Wednesday was bake day, Thursday visiting day, Saturday cleaning day and BATH day. Friday as I recall it was for leftovers from the other days. Of course Sunday was church and visiting day.

— Mother playing games with me in the evening occasionally? She didn't like checkers very well but dominoes she could play until I became tired.

— Dr. Price at St. Joe who did the dental work for the family? Every time I went to see him for work, he asked me if I would like to be a dentist when I grew up. He said he would help me financially in college, then I could join him in partnership until he retired when he would turn the entire practice over to me. I was young enough I didn't realize what he was saying to me, or, what it really meant. Now as I look back, I see what it could have meant. I didn't even realize that he was also expressing his confidence in me and his willingness to trust me.

— the old desk I used to do my school work, writing and studying on? I am presently writing these memoirs on the old desk. We had it ever since I can remember. It has served my needs very well over the years.

— the organ we purchasd a few years ago? Ruth started lessons on the organ and then her health changed and she had to give it up for a while. Presently she has made a partial comeback and once again we both enjoy it to the utmost.

— the death of Frank Lothamer? He lived south of our place, beside the B&O Railroad crossing on the north side. He was badly crippled in

the legs and his speech wasn't clear. He could just get into his cozy-cab with tremendous effort and drive the horse to town. You could go down to visit the Lothamers and in record time Mrs. Lothamer could catch a chicken, kill it, clean it and prepare it and a meal for dinner. She was great!

One day while I was at school at St. Joe the news came to the school house that some one in a horse and cozy-cab had been killed and lay in a casket at the Kinsey Funeral Home. Some of us boys who knew Frank went downtown at noon to see the body. It was indeed Frank. He had been hit and killed right by his own home.

— the trips I made to Barr Street Market at Fort Wayne in the Model T Ford? We raised so much in our garden and truck patches that every year we had a surplus of vegetables and couldn't sell them, can them, dry them or give them away. So I rented the Model T from Dad and prepared them for sale at the Barr Street Market.

You didn't reserve or purchase space at stalls in advance. You drove down to Fort Wayne, parked your car or truck of produce real early in the morning at about five a.m., and on a given signal at about six a.m. you drove to the first available stall and set up shop.

I wanted to make it businesslike so I gave Dad five dollars for the touring car to do the hauling.

One time I came home from the market with sixty dollars, and was I rich! I was in big business!

I was always in fear of overcharging people and was always inclined to put in a little extra.

— the "something" that was very necessary on the farm in the early 1900's? This "something" was said to be very cold in winter, hot in summer, equipped by Sears-Roebuck catalog usually. It was maligned, the object of many jokes, villified, put down, underrated, defamed, and unappreciated. Yet, this "something" brought comfort, joy, pleasure, satisfaction, serenity and peace to people of all ages. Yes, it was the "out-house."

— some of the New York Central passenger trains picking up water on the run at Corunna, Indiana? There was a water trough about four or five inches deep and many feet long, between the rails. This was filled with water from a large tank beside the tracks. The train locomotive would let down a scoop into the water and the speed of the train would forcibly push the water up in the tank by the tender.

— working my way through a couple of cars, going full speed, to get to the Diesel engine of the train? It was quite an experience to be up

front with the engineer watching the engine eat up the rails beneath the train.

— that those crocks of milk Mother would place and leave on the back of the large kitchen cook stove would, in time, be holding "smear-case" (cottage cheese)?

— that while in the Toledo office I was elected secretary-treasurer of the Toledo Branch of the Railway Mail Association, an AFL affiliate? With that went collecting of union dues and hospitalization payments. Also involved both recording and corresponding secretarial work, and furnishing news of the Branch monthly, for publication in our union magazine.

— the years I picked cherries for Mr. and Mrs. Meade Baker, and helped make hay also? Frequently I would get down from the tree to empty my bucket and Mrs. Baker would have cold drinks and cookies or cakes available and we would chat a little. This in addition to their paying me for the picking. I thought she was tops!

— the one year I loaded the plow and harrow on the wagon and drove to St. Joe where I plowed garden lots for people? I felt big and important because people sought me to work for them.

— my life with our horses in early days? Charley, one of the team, was quite ambitious and willing. But being a draft horse and brown in color, that was about all he had in common with his teammate. Prince, who was unwilling and lazy and was perfectly willing to lag and let Charley do most of the pulling, needed reminders. I had to keep after him and if clods were available I would sometimes lob one at him just to keep his attention.

Dolly was dapple-gray, somewhat nervous, high-strung and pretty. She was a buggy horse and we drove her to church, town, etc. She was anxious to go, anxious to return and we had to restrain her somewhat.

Last but not least came old Dave, another buggy horse. Safe and dependable for women and children to drive and a plodder. I drove him just a few times to school. One bad habit he had was to defecate on the main street of St. Joe in a rhythmical manner on the way home from school just as the girls and boys were going home. That's probably why I didn't drive often. He didn't want to go to school and had no respect for the ladies!

— Sundays on the farm? As a young child I recall certain rules to be observed by the family on Sundays. There was to be no fishing, no loud boisterous yelling, no attending ball games (scrub games among the small children excepted). Guns were not to be taken out of the house

except in an emergency. No work was to be done except feeding and watering the chickens, hogs, cows and horses; also, the cows were to be milked.

— daybreak on the farm? The day is August 7, 1979. The occasion is the forty-fifth wedding anniversary for Ruth and me. The setting is our little ranch home east of St. Joe.

Last night as darkness settled, nature went to sleep. Birds settled in the little pine tree near by our bedroom. Locusts, insects, animal life of all kinds retired to their haven of sleep. Absolute calmness existed.

Now, daybreak appears and this same life is awakening. I can hear sounds in different directions. A rooster crowing, birds stirring and leaving the little pine, a barking dog in the distance. Somewhere on the railroad toward St. Joe I can hear the whistle of a freight train as it passes the crossings.

Everything has found its niche in life including the two robins presently looking for food, perhaps for a nest full of babies in the pine near by. If I only had the power and the knowledge to express my feelings of tranquility and serenity at these moments.

— John Hull, the barber? It was always a pleasure to get a haircut at John's. He would place the cross board across the arms of the chair for me to climb upon, then the same question each time—"Do you want a shave?" At the end he would give me a generous portion of the sweetest smelling tonic. Then shake some powder on a large brush and dust my face and neck. I sure liked my haircuts.

— the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Sally and Orha Oja at Rudyard, Michigan, on June 16, 1979?

Ruth and I were happy and honored to join many friends and relatives to express our love and respect to so nice a couple.

Sally was a daughter in the John and Effie Mattson family with whom I lived when I first went to Michigan to teach, as mentioned earlier in this volume.

— gypsies coming into the community in the summer and the fear, dread and consternation they generated among the people?

— our first television that we viewed in a darkened room?

— the first three-dimensional movies that required a special kind of glasses that you picked up at the ticket office as you entered the movie house?

— the first radios that appeared in the city? If you were walking down

the street and saw a crowd on the outside of a business place at a certain time, they were probably listening to Amos and Andy.

— the case of the missing button? Mrs. Wilmot, our neighbor, had a basket of hundreds of assorted buttons that Edward and I played with inside the house on a rainy day. One time I saw what I thought was the most beautiful button in the world. It was quite large, possibly off a coat. I coveted it so much that I took it home with me. My conscience bothered me and I finally told Mother what I had done.

She suggested I return it to Mrs. Wilmot and tell her I was sorry. She graciously accepted my apology. That was my first and last larceny.

— a couple of school yells?

Rickety, Rickety, Rickety, Roar
We're the Class of '24!

Zizz Boom, Zizz Boom, Zizz Boom, Bah,
St. Joe High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

— my race against time? I was quite young when I took the horse and buggy and went to the church for some kind of practice. I was early and Doris Shull Stuck wasn't at the church yet, so I took old Dave and plodded westward to see if Doris would ride back with me.

About half way along came Karl Hart in his little car going possibly twenty or thirty miles per hour. He passed me and a short time later passed me again returning with Doris, back to the church. Who could compete against motorization?

— the Freshman Class at Ball State? As compared to our high school freshman class, it seemed impossible that a class could be that large.

— a special thank you to Dale Trostel? This for his many phone calls and visits during my sickness and convalescence in my recent illness in 1978 and 1979. Dale and his lovely wife, Florence, presently live in Butler, Indiana. Dale himself had some serious operations in recent years.

— our visit to the home of Ida Dooley Ogden who wrote "Brighten the Corner Where You Are"? We lived at Toledo at the time and her husband was in the Post Office Department also.

— the Coburntown Farmers Band of long ago? This band was led by John Woodcox. Some members were Clyde Hart, Fred Hart, Vere Nelson, Roy and Merritt Maxwell, Walter Coburn, Homer Jackson, Ross Abel, Ora Quance, Lloyd Coburn.

— the cement tank at the barn into which we pumped, by hand, the

water for horses and cows? In winter there was a tank heater to submerge part way in the water. We fed small chunks of wood, or preferably coal, to generate heat in the tank heater and warm the water.

— the mystery of the broken kitchen window? One day a stone came through the kitchen window and rested on the floor. I was outside playing with the dog. Mother came out and sought an explanation. I explained that the dog somehow threw it, but I didn't sell her on the idea. I sat in the corner again!

— Uncle Bill Oberholtzer and Aunt Hattie of near Butler? You could drop in on them at any time and Aunt Hat could get a meal on the table in record time. She was full of fun and energy.

Uncle Bill chewed plug tobacco and I would watch him slice off some thin strips with his jackknife and chew it. I admired him and each time hoped that some day I could chew tobacco.

— the times we showed the Holy Land slides? Some of the places were: Farm Bureau, St. Michael's Church at Hicksville, Swinging Singles Club at Auburn, Glen Oaks Nursing Home at Auburn, Meadow Haven Nursing Home at Butler, Coburn Corners church, and the Lexington, Kentucky, Nursing Home.

— the first white hair on my head? In my senior year I discovered the first white hair at my temples. After that I became quite concerned. I had always associated white hair with age and here I was only seventeen. I watched it as I grew older, spreading more and more. I had to make a decision. Would white hair be an asset or a liability? I have never regretted my decision. White it is and shall be as long as I have hair!

— that while on a trip in the east we went through the little town in Nova Scotia where Anne Murray grew up?

— the naming of the school at Rudyard? The parents, pupils and I were given the opportunity to choose a name for the school and it became the "Carolina School."

— my collections? We have about two thousand slides, partly purchased and the rest taken by me, fourteen snapshot albums, two scrap books, thirteen reels of home movies, and my twelve grade cards. Also, National Geographics from 1911 to the present time. Just recently these were turned over to another for continued collecting. Also Ruth has eight large scrap books of trivia collected covering all our trips. This includes postcards, descriptive pamphlets, little items and personal notes of interest. She worked on these enroute and at the end of the day.

— John Woodcox who used to walk to Cheesetown to sing with us and

teach us some of the basics in music? He was hired to come out once a week by the school board.

— my pet goose? My Aunt Juna Soule gave me two goose eggs for hatching. Only one hatched and I gave the goose preferential treatment. I named it "Bill" and made a pet out of it. I would go out to feed him, and call his name and he would quack back.

— our neighbor, Clifford Milliman? In the entire area he was known as a whistler. Without any kind of aid, he was the Champion. He had a happy, care-free and joyous whistle and it was quite loud.

— how small the world can be? On one of our trips to Germany to see our children, Ruth and I decided we would like to see England.

We secured seats on a bus at the base, loaded with GI's and their wives and a couple other civilians.

We took off and headed for Zeebrugge, Belgium, a port on the sea across from England.

Very late at night we developed bus trouble and had to get off awaiting repairs. Though quite late we found a little restaurant open with tables and chairs where we could sit down and wait until the bus was repaired.

Ruth and I were sitting alone at a table and saw a young couple trying to find a table where they could be by themselves. We invited them to share our table and they readily accepted.

Their first questions were: "What part of the United States are you from?" and, to me: "Where do you work?" I told them we were from Erlanger, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati and that I worked in the Post Office Department in Cincinnati. We established the fact that her dad lived in Cincinnati, worked in the Post Office Department in the same building, on the same floor, and his desk was about twenty feet on the other side of a partition. She was jubilant AND homesick, and they stayed right with us for the better part of the time in England.

We rode a double-decker bus, visited a pub together and put up at the most magnificent, largest, most ornate hotel I was ever in, named the "Grosvenor."

Ruth and I visited Madam Tussaud's Wax Museum. During the French Reign of Terror she was imprisoned and during that time she modeled heads of famous people, using heads from the decapitated bodies. In 1802 she emigrated to London and established the wax museum.

We also saw "hover planes," the White Cliffs of Dover and a play, "Man of La Mancha."

— some of the equipment inside the Cheesetown School during my six years there? That was 1912-1918. Teacher's desk, teacher's chair (I have the original), stand-up metal holder for unabridged dictionary, drinking cup, large slate blackboard, organ, pulling rope for bell in the belfry, snow shovel, broom, drinking tank with little pushbutton in the faucet at bottom, erasers that were cleaned outdoors, wood pointer that could have very well served some other purpose other than pointing (I never saw it used), a cupboard that held miscellaneous things like a few donated books, first aid, etc., and a map case hung on the wall high enough that the maps could be completely lowered.

— that our son, Paul, was named in respect for Paul Hassinger and Floyd Gossman? Their families were good friends to us in Toledo.

— the carpeted floors in our home? Mother had carpet stretchers to use when replacing the carpet after being cleaned each spring. I dreaded the time that event took place. She would throw that large carpet over two clotheslines, then hand me the beater. It seemed I never would get done.

After laundering the curtains (lace), we would put them on curtain stretchers for them to dry. This would help maintain their proper shape as they dried.

— the pupils at Cheesetown for the six school years 1912-1918? Some of them were: Harry, Charles, Velma, Arthur and Orville Todd; Geneva and Freda Martin; Pauline and Burline Burley; Pauline, William, Georgia and Estell Coburn; Elmer Johnson; Eva, Sylvia and Clara Donley; Elva and Rose Wilmot; Mildred and Claude Freeburn; Claire and Agatha Coburn; Fern Ward; Irma Tustison; Edward Kimes and Willard Maxwell. Some, in fact most, of them did not attend for the entire six years I was in attendance.

— that beautiful dog house? When we were living in Waterloo and I was running on the New York Central, the idea came to me to build a nice dog house on my layoff. I had a nice dog and I thought it deserved a house of its own.

The chicken coop was quite large and at that time unoccupied. I thought it would be nice to build it inside the coop and out of the weather.

I wanted a masterpiece of beauty and comfort so I spent parts of two layoffs working on the project.

Finally it was completed and what a beauty it was in my eyes. Then came the time to bring it out of the coop and have the dedication. I rolled it over to the door and found to my consternation that it was several

inches too large for the door. In no way would it go through.

I had made it quite solid, sparing neither lumber nor nails and I couldn't get it apart to reassemble. It wound up as kindling. (For further details consult Ruth.)

— Mother's frugalness and thrift in her household duties? There was of course no freezing, so surplus perishable fruits and vegetables were canned or dried. Worn-out clothes and any other articles made of cloth that had lost their usefulness were sorted, and the best of these were placed aside for their use in quilts or comforters, depending on the texture and weight. The rest of the material was sewed into carpet rags to be crocheted into throw rugs.

— my nephews and nieces? Roy, my oldest brother, married Stella Dages and to this union was born James Richard and Patricia Ann. Merritt married Lena Nelson and to this union was born Gordon Wayne, Dorotha Eleanor and Robert Keith.

While we were young we were together quite frequently but as we grew up we became somewhat separated like most families. It is, however, always a pleasure and joy when we do see each other.

— the St. Joe Dramatic Club? It was made up of local talent and this group produced several plays that were always enjoyable. Esther Bowman, Lena Meeks, Catherine Bowser and Derwood Ridgway were part of the cast.

— the old movies and cartoons? Movies like Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Mary Pickford and Keystone Cops. Cartoons like Katzenjammer Kids, Hawkshaw the Detective, Slim Jim, Maggie and Jiggs, and Mutt and Jeff.

—Mom and Dad Fichlie? I especially remember Mom for her kindness and for accepting my teasing. She was a very good cook and overlooked the times her freshly-baked bread disappeared during the night when I had a date with Ruth.

I remember Dad especially for his big smile and his rendition of "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen." He really had a good voice. Their union was a German personality and an Irish personality.

I remember them both for their unselfishness.

— my marriage into the Fichlie family? This brought me two sisters to make up for the ones I wanted as a child, and also another brother.

Ruth's sister, Thelma, who married Jack Dault and they presently live in Latonia, Kentucky.

Here I am with my classmates and teacher at Cheesetown School for the school year 1912-1913. Front row, left to right: Pauline Coburn, Mildred Freeburn, Elva Wilmot, Willard Maxwell, William Coburn, not known, not known, Claude Freeburn. Second row, left to right: Rose Wilmot, not known, not known, Mary Scholes (teacher), Estil Coburn, — — Miller.

Her sister, Mary Helen, who married Paul De Maria and presently lives in Covington, Kentucky.

Her brother, Melvin, who passed away October 15, 1977. His widow presently lives in Miamar, Florida.

— my first bicycle? My brother, Roy, bought me a beautiful bicycle while I was quite young. It had mud-guards painted with red, white and blue stripes. With no paved roads and only fine light sand roads, when I came to a small hill I would have to dismount to lead the bike to the top of the hill, then mount it again and go on. There were ruts in the sand on these hills also. Nevertheless, I loved this bike and did have fun with it.

— the friends of my boyhood days? After graduating from high school in 1924, I was pretty much gone from the St. Joe area for about forty-five years.

I did get home occasionally on Memorial Days and Auburn Fair Days. I also maintained contact by correspondence, phone and of course the St. Joe News. I found out after retirement that with my being away so long my generation had moved up and the next generation had taken its place. This made it difficult to identify people as to what family they belonged.

— the village blacksmith, Chris Sailer, at Saint Joe? He lived and had his shop close to the school and occasionally I would go over there to see him work.

In the summer Dad would take the horses there to be shod and it was interesting to see the smithie with his red hot fire forming the red hot shoe to fit the horse's hoof. Then he would duck the shoe in cold water to cool and set the iron. Then came the part that bothered me. He would NAIL the shoe to the foot of the horse, and I thought that would be a terrible pain. Later I realized that where the nail was driven it was painless and the horse wasn't hurt.

The blacksmith aided the farmers many times by being able to make some much-needed repair to machinery and doing it quickly.

— our three children, Beverly, Sharon and Paul, and their husbands and wife, John, Dean and Trudy? We want to express our appreciation for your loyalty, kindness, thoughtfulness and love over the past years. You have all contributed a lot of happiness, comfort and satisfaction to our lives.

— our wonderful grandchildren? Lori Munro Fernandez, Vicki Munro, Gary Hightower, Sherri Hightower, Douglas Munro, Julia Maxwell, Angela Maxwell, Holli Maxwell, Paula Maxwell and David Maxwell.

— that it was your suggestion, Paul, for me to jot down the foregoing facts concerning my life?

I had toyed with the idea before but your suggestion helped me make up my mind. Thanks.

With my limited education and ability and with no experience whatsoever, I knew I would have to be me and do it in my own way and hope for the best.

I hope that anyone who reads these memoirs will excuse any inaccuracies, grammatical errors or recollections that might not be absolutely precise. I did my best.

I wasn't sure I had the nerve to follow through with this, not having a staff to do some research work and also proof reading. At times I felt like I was sort of baring my soul. I'm sure my relatives and friends will understand.

It has been good therapy for me and has made me appreciate people, places and things in my past life more fully even if a herculean task, and it has been fun!

CONCLUSION

As I grow older in these later years of my life, certain points come into a clearer perspective. For one thing I realize more and more how much of my life has been influenced since childhood by the church, home and school. Even with the influence for good, I made many mistakes along the way.

Also, how important it has been for me to have pleasant memories to recall and dwell upon in periods of sadness, trials and despondency. Like most everyone else I have reached the heights of glory and felt the depths of despair, but was sustained by my memories and my friends and God.

My life has covered a long span of time in which many changes have come about. We have gone from the horse and buggy days to landing men on the moon and the safe return of a sky lab from outer space. Now we are prodding and experimenting to ascertain if there is ANY kind of life on other heavenly bodies.

The aura of the steam locomotive that not only brought comfort and and satisfaction to me by contributing to my livelihood but also by the bringing of joy with the arrival of people, and yet, bringing of pain and sadness with the departure of people going out of my life.

After working several years and many miles on the Twentieth Century Limited, crack train of the New York Central Railroad, between Cleve-

land and Chicago, we made a change. On the train "time was of the essence," but in the office there was a more normal speed. However, I still get a case of nostalgia when I hear the whistle of any train, be it steam or Diesel, and the whirling of the wheels on the rails.

Time has permitted me to more clearly see the relative importance of incidents and periods in my life. Many things that, at the time, seemed very important and even critical to me fade into insignificance. Conversely, there were times more thought, understanding, compassion and more listening to the problem should have been given.

I am proud and happy to have had my roots in the country, to get some of the things the soil, nature, hard work and satisfaction bring to one.

Also, by the very nature of living and the demands made by our very existence, we learned to help one another and accept one another at face value.

I am also glad that I had the privilege of spending several years of my life in urban areas. It gave me a more balanced, well-rounded view of life in totality and I felt better having had that opportunity. I found that here, too, people are human, kind and considerate. I found that humanity is a composite of factors of good and bad in all of us, that neither the rural nor urban areas has a monopoly on the good or bad factors, that if a determination were made percentagewise by population it would be found that the areas would be quite close together.

I want to thank Ruth for her love, patience, loyalty, kindness and understanding over the forty-five years. Also for her help and thoughtful suggestions in the preparation of these memoirs.

Also for the times she may have been lonesome while I was isolated by myself in the little room searcing for facts on myself for this publication.

I am impetuous, impulsive and emotional and she has been a steadying influence in our married life.

On several occasions she has said to people, "There has never been a dull moment in our married life." Right or wrong, I want to accept this as a compliment.

I want to thank Ted Haberkorn for his help and valuable counsel in the preparation of these memoirs. He has been most kind and patient. Ted heads the staff in publishing the St. Joe News.

Last I would like to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. John Fichlie, parents of my wife, Ruth. This for giving me Ruth and their

complete acceptance of me so wholeheartedly into their family. Also a tribute to the many relatives of Ruth and their acceptance.

Also a tribute to the memory of Mom and Dad for their giving of their best to rear me and head me in the right direction; also Roy and Merritt, my brothers, for tolerating my aggravations and teasing, they being fourteen years older than I. Also my relatives that are pretty well scattered over the country.

A tribute to all my friends, collected over a lifetime, for giving me the incentive, inspiration and memories to prepare these papers. It has been quite a herculean endeavor, but I have enjoyed it to the fullest and sincerely hope they have contributed some pleasure and memories for you to enjoy.

Willard Gerald Maxwell

## SOME OF DAD'S AND MOM'S SIMILIES

As sweet as sugar
As old as Methuselah
As bitter as gall
As playful as a kitten
As quick as a wink
As dead as a doornail
As smooth as silk
As blind as a bat
As happy as a lark
As stubborn as a mule
As thick as molasses in January
As pretty as a picture
As mean as all get out
As green as grass
As black as coal
As low as a snake
As high as a kite
As cool as a cucumber
As light as a feather
As tight as a drum
As soft as a baby's bottom
As ugly as a mud fence
As busy as a bee
As hard as a rock
As fussy as a hen with little chicks
As crazy as a loon
As proud as a peacock

POTPOURRI

National Parks and Historical Sites Visited—

Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico; Vicksburg National Military Park, Mississippi; Yellowstone Park, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho; Fort Laramie, Wyoming; Mt. Rushmore National Memorial Park, South Dakota; Fort Caroline, St. Augustine, Florida; Everglades National Park, Florida; Petersburg National Military Park, Virginia; Unknown Soldier, Arlington, Virginia; Lincoln National Memorial, Hodgenville, Kentucky; Gettysburg National Park and Cemetery, Pennsylvania; Grand Canyon, Colorado; Ft. Raleigh, Manteo, North Carolina; The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas; Ft. Sumter, Charleston, South Carolina; Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina; Appomattox Court House, Virginia; Lee Mansion, Arlington, Virginia; National Gallery of Arts, Washington, D.C.; Fredericksburg, Virginia; Spotsylvania, Virginia; Grand Tetons, Wyoming; Crater Lake, Oregon; Yosemite, California; South Rim, Grand Canyon, Arizona; Minute Man, Massachusetts; Pikes Peak Auto Highway, Colorado; Pikes National Forest, Colorado; Andersonville Prison, Georgia; Great Smokies National Park, Tennessee and North Carolina; Shenandoah National Park, Virginia; Isle Royal National Park, Michigan.

Places I have resided: St. Joe, Indiana (first); Muncie, Indiana; Rudyard, Michigan (first); Rudyard, Michigan (second); Cornell, Michigan; Marquette, Michigan; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Covington, Kentucky; Latonia, Kentucky; Toledo, Ohio (Burton Avenue); Toledo, Ohio (Kelsey Avenue); Toledo, Ohio (Nevada Street); Sylvania, Ohio; Sedan, Indiana; Waterloo, Indiana; Ludlow, Kentucky; Elsmere, Kentucky (Park Avenue); Elsmere, Kentucky (Carlisle Avenue); Erlanger, Kentucky; St. Joe, Indiana (cottage); St. Joe, Indiana (brick); St. Joe, Indiana (ranch).

Places visited:

Capitols—Amsterdam, Athens, Beirut, Berlin (East), Brussels, Jerusalem, London, Luxembourg, Nicosia, Ottawa, Paris, Rome, Vaduz.

Presidential homes—Jimmy Carter, Calvin Coolidge, Dwight Eisenhower, U. S. Grant, Herbert Hoover, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, Lyndon Johnson, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Harry Truman, George Washington, Woodrow Wilson.

Countries—Austria, Belgium, Canada, Cyprus, England, France, Germany (East), Germany (West), Greece, Holland, Israel, Ireland, Italy, Lebanon, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Mexico, Syria, Turkey.

All states except, Hawaii, Alaska and Delaware.

Shorter trips—Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln's home; St. Louis, Missouri; Upper Peninsula (6), Atlanta, Georgia (5), Niagara Falls (2), Chattanooga, Tennessee; Nashville, Tennessee; Smokies, Tennessee and North Carolina; Smyrna, Tennessee; Mackinac Island; and many others.

The manner in which this book was assembled prevented correction of typographical errors missed by the printer in final proofreading. The most significant errors are listed as follows:

Page 11—"by beau" should be "my beau."

Page 25—"Arthur Scutt" should be "Arthur Schutt."

Page 30—"Oberammergus" should be "Oberammergau."

Page 33—"Christmas Gardens" should be "Christus Gardens."

Page 34—"TWO" should be "TWA."

Page 36—"Tobgha" should be "Tabgha."

Page 58—"Reasoner Orchard" should be "Leighty Orchard."

11/25/2009
TA 184059 3 11 00
HF GROUP-IN
ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
8401 9100 180 291 2